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CHRISTMAS 1899



PRICE TEN CENTS



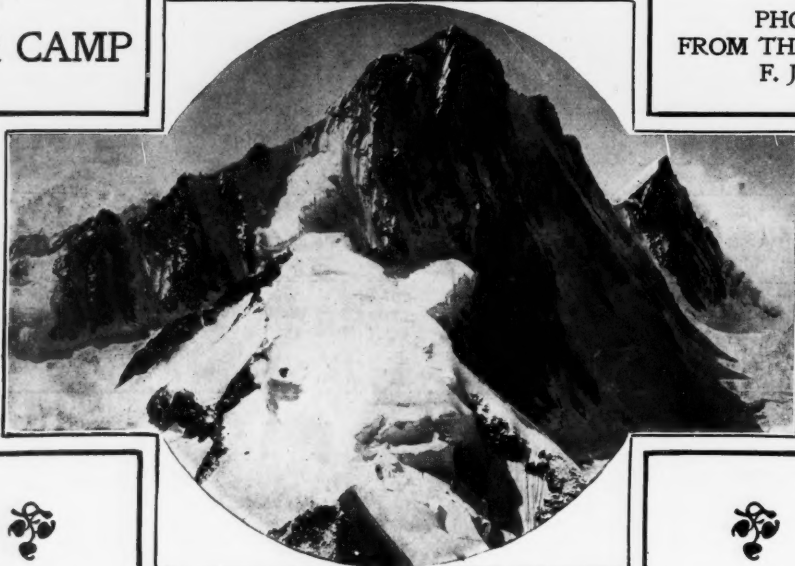
DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

A WHITE CHRISTMAS IN THE NORTHWEST

CLIMBING THE ALPS

By WALTER CAMP

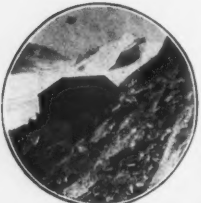
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FINSTERAARHORN FROM OBERAARHORN



"ROPING UP"



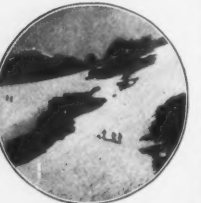
HALF-WAY HUT



CAVE ON DENT BLANCHE



ON FINSTERAARHORN



ACROSS THE SNOWFIELD



CREVASSE ON OLERAA GLETSCHER

WHEN I was a boy of fifteen, spurred on by the "dares" of my companions, I once climbed, by means of a rope, up two roofs of a church and reached the belfry from the outside. A week later, while painters were working upon the steeple, I saw one fall from the scaffolding and, after bounding upon each of the two sloping roofs, land upon the ground a simple bag of broken bones. It was weeks and months before I could look up at those roofs without cold chills creeping up and down my spine. Such, I fancy, must be the feeling of any mountain climber who has once near at hand witnessed a serious accident to one or more of his party. But until that time does come the exhilaration of the sport, the life in the air, the grandeur of the scenery, all combine to tempt to greater and greater effort, more and more hazardous achievement. Nor is it at all the part of the foolhardy alone. It takes but little dissipation in it to seduce the most temperate nature into an abandon never even suspected at the sea level.

If a man is inclined to ride a hobby he should ride it well. No better example of this, to the mountain climber, can be found than that of Professor Tyndall. He stops in the midst of all sorts of perils to make scientific studies. He clings to the very face of the rock, and as we hold our breath to see him fall he calmly proceeds to describe the generation of a cloud. He never seems to be affected by anything. "After an hour had passed away on the summit in scientific experiments by the professor he became alarmed at the frozen appearance of the party!"

And it turned out that Balmat, the guide, had actually frozen both hands, while so far as I have been able to learn the nearest approximation to an injury to the professor was his alarm at the frozen appearance of his companions which broke in upon his scientific reverie!

The accident on the first ascent of the Matterhorn is known in a general way to every student of mountain climbing, but the details of it, when given by Mr. Whymper, one of the survivors, serve to point out once more the need of caution in the selection of men when real work is to be done.

"On Wednesday morning, the 12th of July, 1865, Lord Francis Douglas and myself crossed the Col Théodule, to seek guides at Zermatt. After quitting the snow on the northern side, we rounded the foot of the glacier, crossing the Furgge Glacier, and left my tent, ropes, and other matters in the little chapel of the Lac Noir. We then descended to Zermatt, engaged Peter Taugwalder, and gave him permission to choose another guide. In the course of the evening the Rev. Charles Hudson came into our hotel with a friend, Mr. Hadow; and they, in answer to some inquiries, announced their intention of starting to attempt the Matterhorn on the following morning. Lord Francis Douglas agreed with me that it was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time, and

with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting Mr. Hadow, I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps; and, as well as I can remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was, 'Mr. Hadow has done the Mont Blanc in less time than most men.' This was an excellent certificate, given as it was by a first-rate mountaineer, and Mr. Hadow was admitted without further question.

"We started from Zermatt on the 13th of July, at half-past five, on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number—Croze, old Peter and his two sons, Lord F. Douglas, Hadow, Hudson, and I. To insure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together."

The detail of the upward climb tells little of the danger. Whymper continues:

"We remained on the summit for one hour—

"One crowded hour of glorious life."

It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent. Hudson and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croze to go first, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was almost equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder, after him.

"A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa Hotel to Seiler, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorn Gletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories; he was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw.

"Michel Croze had laid aside his axe, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. As far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock, but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croze, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startling exclamation from Croze, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croze's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope

was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their



SUMMIT OF FINSTERAARHORN



SUMMIT OF SCHRECKHORN



CLIMBING A ROCK ARETE



ON "SNOW SUMMIT"



CLIMBING SNOW ARETE



ARETE DENT BLANCHE



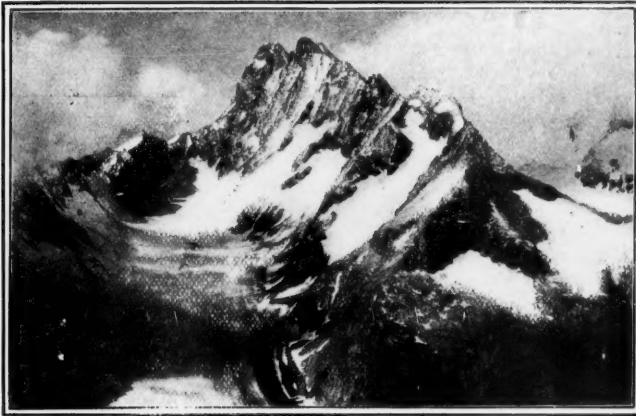
VIEW OF BEITSCHORN



COMING DOWN HUGIE SATTEL



A STEEP SNOW CLIMB



LAUTERAARHORN AND STRAHLEGG



A CABIN ON BERGLI

lands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn-gletscher below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

"So perished our comrades!

"For more than two hours afterward I thought almost every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment.

"About 6 p.m. we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending toward Zermatt, and all peril was over."

Mr. Roland King's comment upon certain portions of this description has a direct bearing upon the point which Mr. Whympster undoubtedly felt a delicacy about making as strong as perhaps it should have been.

"Mr. Whympster doubtless realized what a dangerous drag Mr. Hadow was upon the party, but kept his own counsel from a sense of delicacy, and the terrible tragedy which followed was the direct consequence. In describing the catastrophe, he tells us that Croz had placed Mr. Hadow's feet in position. This seems almost incredible, and denotes a positive helplessness that is appalling. I have never seen this done except in rare cases where the climber—from his enforced position—could not see and had to feel about for a foothold, and on the Matterhorn there is little or no occasion to do this."

Mr. King further says:

"Let me remind the beginner that if he climbs in the expectation of obtaining fine views from the tops of the higher peaks, he will be disappointed forty-nine times out of fifty. Also allow me to point out the folly of all this mountain-climbing; folly that amounts to downright wickedness; for if I have made light of the difficulties to be encountered, I do not pretend to say but that there is danger, and plenty of it, too, and no man has a right to risk his life and destroy the peace of mind of his friends simply for the sake of enjoying a passing excitement."

All of which leads one to question how in the world Mr. King came to make the many ascents accredited to him, and whether this late conclusion is that of a man who has decided to reform, and who takes occasion to warn others from following in the errors of his ways.

The accident on the Matterhorn was no treachery of nature. But there are dangers of this kind of which even the cleverest of guides cannot be always cognizant. The avalanche may come and sweep to death the most expert climber that ever clutched a crag.

The death of Johann Joseph Bennen, Professor Tyn-dall's favorite guide, occurred in this manner during an ascent of the Haut de Cry in February of 1864. The party consisted of Mr. Gossett, M. Boissonnet, three local guides—Nance, Rebot and Bevard—and Bennen. To gain the east arête they were obliged to go up a steep snowfield of some 800 feet. During the ascent they sank about a foot at each step. Bennen did not seem to like the look of this snow very much. He asked the three local guides whether avalanches ever came down this couloir, but they assured him that their position was perfectly safe. They proceeded, and had reached about 150 feet from the top, and were crossing it on a horizontal curve in the following order: Bevard, Nance, Bennen, Gossett, Boissonnet, and Rebot, when, about three-quarters of the way across, Bevard and Nance sank suddenly above their waists. Bennen tightened the rope. The snow was too deep for them to think of getting out of the hole they had made, so they pushed ahead a step or two. Bennen turned around and said that he was afraid of starting an avalanche. That idea had apparently been in his mind for some time, as shown by his earlier questioning of the local guides. It was suggested that the party return and cross the couloir higher up. But the three Ardon men objected, and the two leaders began to push ahead. They had gone three or four more steps, but Bennen had not moved. As soon, however, as he saw hard snow again he advanced and crossed parallel to but above the Ardon men. The snow supported him. Bennen then told Gossett to follow. This he did, but sank up to his waist. The furrow made by Gossett was about twelve feet long. Boissonnet then advanced. He had made but a few steps when there came a deep cutting sound. The snowfield split in two about fourteen or fifteen feet above the party. The cleft was at first narrow—not more than an inch broad. An awful silence ensued. Then Bennen said slowly

and solemnly: "Wir sind alle verloren." They were his last words. All waited breathlessly. Gossett sank his alpenstock into the snow; it went down within three inches of the top. Bennen turned slowly round, faced the valley, and stretched out both arms. The entire field began to move slowly. Then the speed rapidly increased, and snow and darkness came over them as the avalanche thundered on into the valley! In some miraculous way all but Boissonnet and Bennen escaped with bruises. These two alone perished. That, as Gossett has said, "was the end of the bravest guide the Valais ever had and ever will have!"

After these if you really want to get to the roof of the church and look up that spire that seems to lead to heaven it is simple and easy to find it.

Leaving Victoria Station, London, after dinner, Dover and its cliffs loom up in the moonlight at midnight, and we glide swiftly over the Channel to Calais. There, after a bite of chicken in the station, we take the Swiss night express. At dawn we are rolling through the farm lands of France, and by noon at Bâle. In the warm afternoon the train bears us into the great station of Lucerne. A night at the Schweizerhof and a day on the lake steamer, varied by a ride up the Rigi or a walk up as far as Axenstein, from which one looks down both arms of the lake, begin to make one forget cities and grow eager for the hobnail shoe and the alpenstock. The next day on to Interlaken, and at the



RESTING ON GSPALTENHORN

Victoria one is suddenly thrown back into the town, for there are more familiar faces than one sees at the Carlton or the Waldorf. But we long for something else—for hardening of the muscles and stretching of the lungs with mountain air. We want the sparkle of the ice in it. By train to Lauterbrunnen, and now we see Mürren, where our first real stop is to be—where by daily climbs of a week we can prepare for the real work.

For Mürren we take the lift at Lauterbrunnen. It is mostly a baggage lift, but if you are docile the administration will let you in after the luggage is well placed. The lift does not travel as rapidly as the Chicago express elevators, but it goes further, and gives one the same rather depressed feeling at the pit of the stomach. If you fail to get the benefit of the sensation try looking over the edge. The administration runs the machine slowly lest the baggage get shaken. When one thinks that the journey must be nearly over, the other lift passes on its way down, which indicates that the trip is only half over. The lady opposite who has her eyes shut is very sorry to know this. At the top a trolley car awaits the passengers. Here again the baggage has the place of honor, but there are some camp chairs which the passengers may use. After two and a half miles in the trolley the traveller reaches

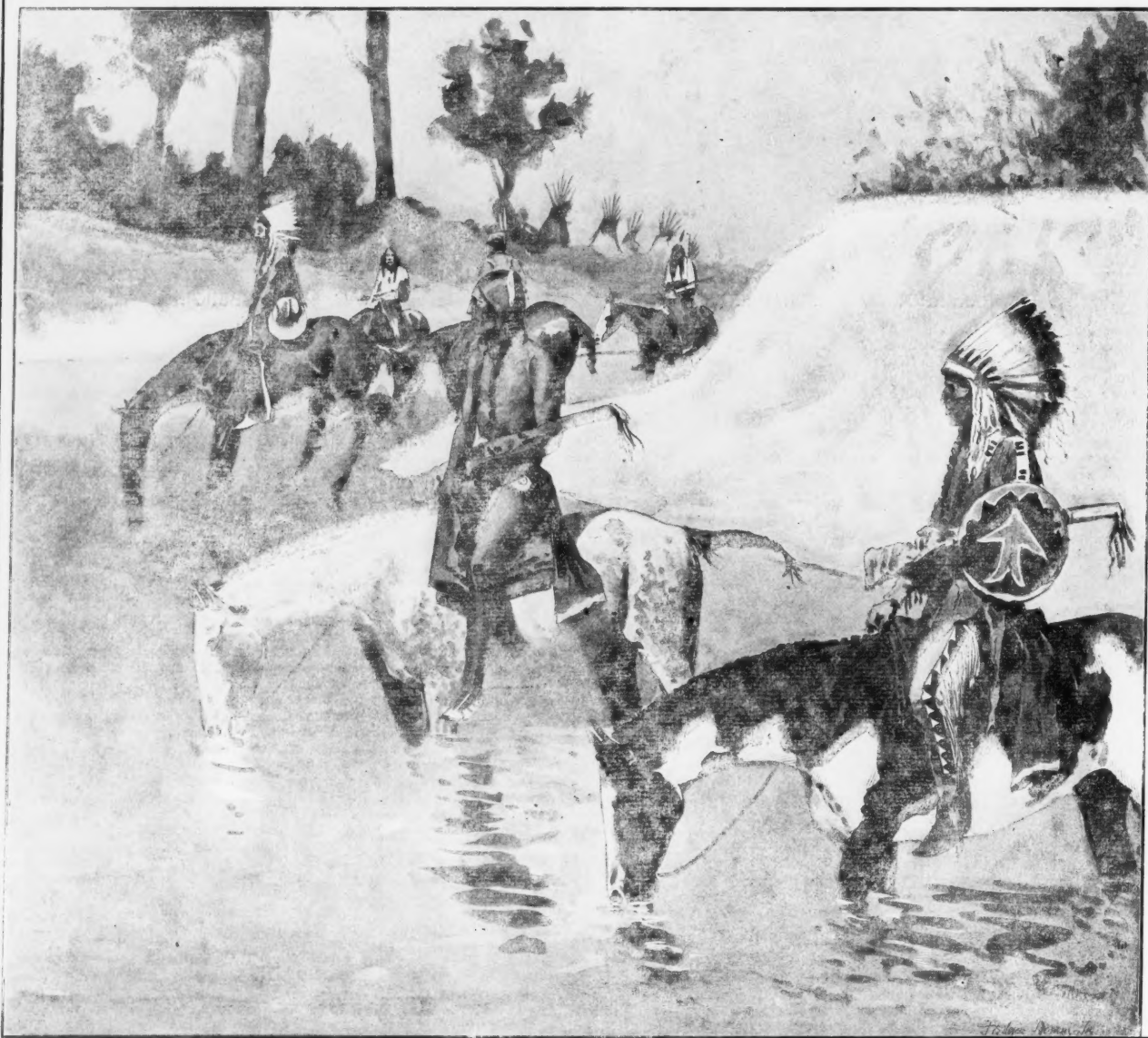
Mürren. We go to the Kurhaus. It takes five minutes to walk it, or ten minutes to go by the hotel coach. The coach is a tram drawn by a donkey. If you sit on the ravine side do not jump off hastily, as it is a very rolling country. If you sit on the hill side do not cross your legs, as that will cause your outside foot to come in contact with the side hill. But it is all worth while when the Kurhaus is reached, and we look off at the Mönch and Eiger across what seems a bottomless abyss. Then rises the Wetterhorn, on the extreme left, and far to the right the Seffnen Furgger. A night's sleep, and before sunrise a climb up the hill behind the Kurhaus, and our first real stretching of the legs. Then two or three days of breaking in, interspersed with a trip over to little Scheidegg, and a near look at the Eiger and the Mönch. A run on the glacier and the chill of the ice cavern only whet our stimulated appetites. Then follows a month of living only to breathe the air and mount nearer and nearer that blue or gray heaven. After an early lunch at the Kurhaus we start away with guides and porter for the new hut just built this season on the Gspaltenhorn. The hut being so new, and not thoroughly equipped with blankets and other necessities, forces us to take this extra man in the shape of a porter. After an easy walk of about three hours we reach the Seffnen Furgger, where we were ready for our afternoon tea, consisting of a little red wine and hard-boiled eggs. From the Seffnen Furgger we skirt the sides of the Butlissen, and after a walk of two and a half hours over loose stones and scree, intermingled with patches of snow, we reach the hut. Just before coming in view of the hut we scare up a chamois, he evidently having seen us long before we reached his hiding place; for just as soon as we had passed he sprang out and went down the steep sides of the Butlissen with great bounds and leaps, stopping only when he reached a comparatively level place some five hundred feet below us. It was a very pretty sight, and it is unusual to get so near to one of these agile and shy climbers. On reaching the hut, at half-past six, the guides prepared the usual supper, and after a pipe or two we turn in for a nap. It is only fair to call it a nap, as we are called soon after one o'clock for breakfast and making ready. We get away by half-past two, and after a climb of two and a half hours over more loose stones and scree we reach what is called the Col, and here we are glad to have our second breakfast. We set out again by 5:30, and now find ourselves on the Gspaltenhorn itself, and about to begin a piece of real climbing. The next three hours give us indeed good steep rock work, but unpleasant at times, owing to the rocks being very loose and not affording good hand hold. Over one bit, of about 75 or 100 feet, we find a fixed rope, which, of course, was of great assistance; but there are many spaces where we have no rope to aid, and so stretch out at genuine rock climbing. As for the snow work, there are several very steep slopes to cross, which require and call for all the care one can and must give in such places. At half-past eight we reach the summit, and are rewarded by a most magnificent view of all the Bernese range, as well as a superb view of the Valaisian Alps. After an hour on the summit we start down, and, knowing we have the whole day before us, and being interested in photography, we take it very leisurely, and add a long rest at the hut, reaching Mürren about six in the evening, to learn that we had been much admired at a distance by most of the hotel guests through the telescope; but at that moment the thing we most admire and appreciate is a good Kurhaus table d'hôte. Our insignificant climbing pales when the greater peaks and achievements are viewed. But we are civilizing it all. The pioneers will soon be forgotten.

One after another of these giants of nature have been conquered, first by the guide and expert climber, then by the adventurous, and finally, sacrilegiously, by the cog-wheel road. In 1902 we shall start with no alpenstock—in dancing pumps if we like—from Chamouix or Payet, enter the car of a subterranean road at Les Houches, go up the ridge on the left side of the Tacnaz glacier, and along the northwest side of Mont Blanc. Six miles of tunnel, then, final sacrifice, a sledge drawn by cable will take even a cripple to the very summit of Mont Blanc, where a hotel and dinner are waiting!

A stout German woman climber said to me back of Mürren last summer, "What are they trying to build up—a road on Mont Blanc? Why do they try? No one can breathe up there." But they will breathe, and tourists will be as numerous there some day as around the dinner table in the Kurhaus at Mürren.

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HOW STILWELL SOLD OUT



BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THERE ALWAYS have been heroes; there always will be; and the more a nation has of them the more surely it will have roast beef for its dinner every day. We must save the records of their deeds because we are beholden to them. The kings, the cardinals, the smart fellows and the men who wrought with their hands, have to be reckoned with, as do also those chaps who owned the talents of silver in the days of yore; but they don't seem to amuse me so much as the parties of the first part.

Stilwell was one of the scouts under General Forsyth who were rounded up on the Arickere Fork of the Republican River in 1868 by the so-called "dog soldiers." These were Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, who had always been "out," as the expression went.

The affair is so well known that I won't waste time in describing it, except to call to remembrance that over a thousand Indians had invested the little band on a low sand island and had shot all their horses. The white men had dug pits in the gravel, and were making a desperate fight. Three times a great band of mounted Indians charged them under cover of a heavy fire from dismounted fellows. They were repulsed, leaving dead

"bucks" within ten feet of the circle. General Forsyth was shot twice. Lieutenant Beecher and the surgeon were killed. Two men were dead, four mortally wounded, four severely and ten slightly, which will indicate the desperation of the fight.

Their situation could not be worse. Relief must be had or they were doomed. No one thought of surrendering to Indians. Such a thing has been done a few times in our history, but always by people who had very little previous knowledge of the North American aborigine. That is the potent reason why our native race has always attracted so great attention as compared with other modern savages. They were fighting for their land—they fought to the death—they never gave quarter, and they never asked it. There was a nobility of purpose about their resistance which commends itself now that it is passed.

It was my good fortune recently to meet my hero—now Judge Stilwell—at his ranch in the Big Horn Basin. Of course, I made him tell me all about the exploit which made him famous.

At the time of the episode, Jack Stilwell was a young man, and has been described by General Custer as "a mere beardless boy of perhaps nineteen years, possessing a trim, lithe figure, which was well set off to great advantage by a jaunty suit of buckskin which he wore cut and fringed according to the true style of the frontiersman. In his waist-belt he carried a large-sized revolver and a hunting-knife. These with his rifle constituted his equipment. A capital shot, whether afoot or on horseback, and a perfect horseman, this beardless boy on more than one occasion proved himself a dangerous foe to the wily red man."

When I had the pleasure to observe this boy he did not answer to this description in the least. The years had their story to tell. Fat and gray hair had come,

but I saw another thing which General Custer may not have had brought to his notice. Probably in his day this thing had not developed. This was a wonderfully agile mind.

Stilwell has that beautiful and homely old Missouri humorous talk, seizing the salients, like a drowning man, with sure and vigorous clutch. Jack hates many things and loves many people. He will get into his two-pony buggy instantly and pull out if he does not fancy you. Born on the frontier, and always living there, he has followed the game and the Indians into the last fastness, for the Big Horn Basin is as remote as possible now. His ranch is one hundred and fifty miles from a railroad, and the old gentleman is much disturbed because a weekly paper has been started at the town of Cody, which is a day's drive from him. Says the Judge: "Next thing we know 'twill be a preacher, and then it's time for old Jack to move."

He speaks Comanche, Sioux and Spanish, in consequence of having lived among those people in his youth. He was hunting as a means of livelihood at the time of the Indian troubles in Kansas, and, when the Forsyth party was formed, enlisted in that body, which was composed of seasoned and selected men.

During the fight on the first day Stilwell and five other men on the lower end of the island were ridden over in the charge. When the Indians fell back beaten, Stilwell found he had emptied his Spencer, and only had one shot left out of the contents of two revolvers. The affair lasted but a minute, and he says he has little remembrance of it except that ponies were flying over him like a flock of pigeons, and you couldn't hear your own gun go off.

When it was quite dark the little party made their way back to the command, and there was a big conference in the pits, which had by this time been made quite protective. The idea was that some one must



THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO THE LOWER END OF THE SIOUX VILLAGE

attempt to go through the Indian lines with a message to Fort Wallace. It was an almost hopeless undertaking. Various ones volunteered, but Forsyth selected Jack Stilwell and an old French Rocky Mountain trapper by the name of Trudeau. He was about fifty-five years old, but had led a rough life with the American Fur Company and was much more aged than his years warranted. Also he had consumed what whiskey he could lay his hands on, and that had not improved things. He dressed in greasy buckskin, wore long hair, goatee and mustache, and would have made a proper-looking member of Napoleon's Old Guard. He had a very limited English vocabulary, but made up in profanity when he lacked words. He thoroughly understood the Cheyenne language, and since Stilwell spoke Sioux they agreed to reply to any challenge in the opposite tongue from the one addressed them. They made moccasins out of their boot-tops, put on blankets, cut off a little horse meat, but they were short of tobacco. The men of the party gave them "enough," as Stilwell says, "to last till now."

The long grass was full of Indians, whose rifles flashed from time to time in the darkness across the river.

"When we were bidding the men good-by, I says, 'Boys, this yer is a sellout and Jack Stilwell is going to come high.' Then the old Frenchman he says, 'Yas, by — — — ole man Trudeau he bring good price, too.'"

They crawled ever so slowly and silently through the pitchy darkness to the river. This they crossed half submerged, and lay a long time in the water waiting for the slow rifle-fire to indicate a place in the grass least likely to contain an Indian.

During a heavy fall of rain they got into the long grass unnoticed, and made their way back toward the hills. They were closely wrapped in their blankets and were accosted frequently by passing Indians, always replying in the other tongue. They lay still for half an hour at a time, trying to locate big bands of Indians, and when they struck some willows they crawled. The country was alive with the enemy, going or coming from the investing circle to the temporary camps.

Once the two scouts fell over a cut bank, and it nearly scared them to death for fear of detection by the sound they made.

Thinking it best not to follow up or down the river, they went out across a bald hill. It was necessary to keep a sharp lookout, because Indians always have scouts far on either side of their main body. When they could see the gray of morning coming they crawled into the head of a dry washout, where the thick grass had grown on either side so that they could not even see out of it, and there they lay all through the hot day. Stilwell thinks they had only made about three miles, and they found themselves nearer Indian camps than they had hoped for. They must have changed their direction in the darkness. The calling of the heralds in the village was faintly heard and the words of the Indian herdboys could be distinctly understood. More than once they feared detection from these youngsters through their Indian dogs.

But the day passed with nothing more serious than agitated minds, and with the darkness began their cautious journey, hoping that by morning they would be beyond the Indian scouts. Ever and again they threw themselves flat on the ground. Their constant fear was Indian dogs, which animals are quite as amiable to a white man as the latter's are toward Indians.

It was the faint first coming of the second day when they struck the south fork of the Republican and to their utter dismay found themselves in close proximity to the lower end of the Sioux village. They had wandered again in the darkness.

Quickly they hid themselves in some thick bushes on the river bank, and directly the sun came pouring over the plains. They were in for another trying day, when the minutes were hours and the hours moved with glacial slowness.

They pulled grass and covered themselves, and lay flat and famishing on the ground. They could hear the Indians burying their dead—crying and yelling. They knew their comrades were holding out, for war parties came sneaking into the village—even watering their ponies all around their hiding-place. If they had been victorious, they would have come in yelling and with great turmoil.

Several times dogs came to them, but the Indians were so preoccupied with their funerals that they did not notice. The old Frenchman hissed at these visitors like a squaw, and told them to be gone, in Cheyenne, accompanying this by volleys of words such as no lady would use.

That night, when the darkness came and the village was waiting over its dead, the two men struck out at a good round jog over a high rolling country toward Fort Wallace, leaving their blankets where they lay. It was necessary now to make time, since Wallace was many miles away, and the beleaguered scouts could not hold out forever. Having travelled all night, they concluded to continue on during the

daylight, and were so doing, when an Indian rode into sight. By such a lucky chance as only happens to those who take risks, there was lying near them the carcass of an old buffalo which had been killed the winter before and gutted by the wolves. Dropping, they crawled into it, or as far as they could get in. They had seen the Indian first, but by some psychic impulse peculiar to animals and Indians, the Indian turned and rode slowly along the hill toward their position.

The two frontiersmen gazed steadily at the oncoming redskin. "Does he see us?" they asked again and again. Stilwell slowly poked his rifle through a hole in the forward part of the buffalo's skin and drew a dead centre on the warrior.

Meanwhile Trudeau whispered: "By — — — keel heem un we geet do horse—keel heem, Jack. We weel geet on double—I will ride behin', un we weel mak' a — of a run for beeg timber. Ef dose Enjun catch us I weel geet off un mak' a fight un you can geet away—keel heem, mon enfan'."

"No, he don't see us. If he does, I will soak him," replied Jack.

Thus was that Indian's life argued, and as he rode away Stilwell felt sorry that he would never know what a good story about himself he had missed.

Trudeau's offer was rather noble, but he loved Stilwell better than any one else in the world. All day as they lay in the dry buffalo he bemoaned Jack's failure to bag the pony. "Eef you geet dat pony you be all right. I tak' notice dat — of a fine pony. Run a heap, dat pony. He was warre-pony."

That night old Trudeau was very sick. The travelling and a bad meat diet had used him up. Stilwell had some regrets that he had not shot the warrior, but he was not then sure of catching the horse and he did not know what was on the other side of the hill.

By early morning Trudeau thought he could travel. Slowly and painfully they made their way. Their improvised moccasins were giving out—they were famished and sleepless. Late in the day the two brave men staggered into the old Denver stage road. To their delight they saw a Mexican driving toward them in a two-horse buggy. They accosted him, told their errand, and asked him to drive them back to Fort Wallace, which he refused to do. Promptly the two Spencers were held at his head and he reconsidered. By sundown they drove into Wallace, and Trudeau was lifted out of the wagon, but Stilwell delivered his message and before dark Colonel Carpenter was trotting out of the post to the relief of the scouts. He found they had fought off the Indians, but were in a pitiable condition.

Thus Trudeau and Stilwell had performed their task. In four days they had travelled one hundred and ten miles, with no food but raw horseflesh, through a country swarming with mounted Indians, but reached their destination in a state of collapse. So Jack Stilwell never "sold out" after all.

THE END



JACK STILWELL

HERE WAS a knock at the King's study door. The King looked up from his plans for the new municipal washhouses and sighed; for that was the twenty-seventh knock that had come to his door since breakfast.

"Come in," said the King wearily.

And the Lord Chief Good-doer came in. He wore a white gown and carried a white wand. If you had been there you would have noticed how clean the King's study looked. All the books were bound in white vellum, and

the floor was covered with white matting, and the window curtains were of white silk. This king, whose name was Alban, had an excellent housekeeper. She did all the cooking and cleaned everything by white magic, which is better even than *nettoyage-à-sec* (if you know what that is), and only took the good lady five minutes every morning.

"I am extremely sorry to disturb your Majesty," said the Lord Chief Good-doer, "but your Majesty's long-lost brother Negretti has called in from the Golden Indies, and he says he can't stay more than half an hour."

The King jumped up, knocking over the white wood table where the White Books were. (We call them Blue Books in England, but the insides are just as dull whatever color you put outside.)

"My dear brother! I haven't seen him since we were boys together," he cried, and ran out to meet him.

At the front door of the Palace was the King's brother just getting off his elephant. He was a brown and yellow brother, withered and shrivelled like a very old apple, and dressed in a plush suit of a bright orange color sewn thick with emeralds. All the white marble terrace in front of the Palace was crowded with the retinue of the new arrival. Slaves of all colors—black, brown, yellow and cream color—dressed in all sorts of bright hues—scarlet and blue and purple and orange—with rubies and sapphires and amethysts and topazes sewn thickly on them, so that the eye could hardly bear the glow and glitter of them as they shone in the sunlight on the terrace.

"Welcome, welcome!" King Alban cried, and kissed his brother on both cheeks, as is the fashion in Albanatolia and in many other civilized lands. Then, still holding him by both hands, he led him into the Palace. The jewelled gorgeous retinue followed him in, and the head parlor-maid shut the front door and put the chain up, because she knew it to be more than possible that a few odd rubies and sapphires

and things would drop off the retinue on to the floor, and she thought any such little odds and ends might as well go into her dustpan

when she swept up after lunch, as into the pockets of any poor people who might look in during the afternoon to ask the King's advice, as they were fond of doing. This was the beginning of the trouble that was wrought by the coming of the King's brother. Before this every door stood unfastened all day long, because every one was contented, and therefore honest.

King Alban entertained his brother royally for seven days in the good old fashion, and then gave him a palace of his own to live in. The palace was of white marble, like most of the buildings in Albanatolia, but the King's brother had it painted red all over without a moment's delay. And then he began to give parties and to have processions and to scatter money among the crowd, and every day the people loved him more. He was a loud, jolly, joking sort of man, with a black beard, and he always wore clothes of plush, a material hitherto unknown in that country; and he always blazed with jewels, and he had a circus set up at his own expense in the field at the back of his palace; and he introduced horse-racing and animated photographs—all highly colored—and thus became extraordinarily popular: so much so that the people presently began to forget all the good that King Alban had done for them, and to wish secretly that the kingdom had happened to have a bright, cheerful King like Prince Negretti.

For King Alban had worked so hard for his people's good that he had not had time to be amusing. He had never had processions and circuses, preferring rather small tea-parties with the Lord Chief Good-doer, the Commissioner of Public Health, and a few chosen spirits from the Education Department, and loving best of all to wander alone, dreaming, among the blossoming orchards or in the meadows beyond the river, where the white jonquils grew, or in the lanes between the pearly May-bushes, or in the terraced garden of his palace, where the white roses hung in heavy-scented clusters, and the white peacocks spread their tails upon the marble balustrades. And wherever he went he thought of the people's good, and devised new ways of making them comfortable. Everything was beautifully managed. Every one had enough to wear and enough to eat, and enough to do, which is very important; but they had not enough to play at, and this was what made them ready to lend long and discontented ears to the whispers of the King's brother.

Now Negretti was a Magician, and his was the black or colored magic which won't wash clothes. He was always messing about with acids and alkalies, and sulphites and bicarbonates, and retorts and furnaces, and test-tubes, and pestles and mortars, and the like; and whenever he happened to make a nice color by mixing two or more of these things together, he always put it in a bottle and stuck it up in one of the Palace windows, so that at night his windows were brighter than any chemist's and druggist's in any street, and the people said it was as good as fireworks. The King's Palace windows only sent out a soft white light like moonlight, and this was now considered very tame.

It was the Magician's habit to wander about the town stirring up discontent as easily as if it had been one of his chemical messes; and though he was so well known among the people

he was never recognized, because he always took care to disguise himself as a respectable person, and the disguise was quite impenetrable. (I hope you know what that is?) One night he

sat disguised at the King's Head—the finest of the municipal alehouses—drinking dog's-nose out of a pewter pot, and the grumbling of the people was music in his wicked ears.

"He is not my sort of king," said the blacksmith.

"I'd make a better king out of a penn'orth of putty any day of the week," said the painter.

"What's the good of a king if you never see him?" said the landlady.

"No processions, no flags, no gilt coaches, no rubies and diamonds and sapphires, no royal robes of purple and gold—such as a loyal country has a right to expect on its sovereign's back! Only that old white thing," said the barnmaid.

"No better than a velvet nightgown," said the landlady.

"I like a bit of color, I do," said the painter. "Grain-
ing I don't ask for, for he's not had the education to know its beauty; but a good warm maroon, or a royal blue, now! But, no; it's white, white, white, till I'm sick of it. And us all wearing white by law, and washing done free, by white magic, at the Palace on Mondays from 10 to 4. And no one to have more than a quart of beer of an evening! I tell you what it is, my boys, we're miserable, degraded slaves, that's what we are!"

"If we must have a king," said the blacksmith, "why not good old Negretti? He's something like a king, he is! Ah! if he only knew how our free hearts beat with him, he'd be sitting on the throne to-morrow."

Then Negretti threw off his disguise—the pewter with the municipal arms on it rolled on the sand floor, and spilled what was left of the dog's-nose on to the disguise—and the Magician stood before them, pale but firm, his dark-lantern in his hand. It was a magic-lantern, of course.

"Downtrodden slaves!" he cried, "poor benighted, oppressed people! follow me. Let us dethrone a king who seeks to mask tyranny with hypocritical public kitchens, and cloaks his infamous autocracy with free washing by white magic on a Monday! Follow me! To the Palace, to the Palace!"

And they all finished up their beer and followed him, and half the town beside joined the throng as it pressed through the streets toward the Eastern gate, beyond which was the King's Palace.

Now while the Magician was drinking his dog's-nose, disguised as a respectable person, the King in his white robes was walking under the boughs of the white-blossomed pear trees, for it was spring, and the moon was at the full. And presently, coming along over the dewy gray grass of the orchard, he saw a figure in white, and when it came close to him he saw that it was a lady more fair than the fair stars of that fair night.

"And who are you?" said the King.

"I am a poor Princess seeking my fortune," said she.

"You will rest under my roof to-night," said the King, and led her through the long sweet grass under the blossoming boughs to the Palace garden. When they came to the terrace the Princess loosed a lantern from her girdle, set it on the stone balustrade, close by where one of the white peacocks perched in fluffy feathery slumber, kindled it, and threw open its horn door. A flood of light streamed out, bright as spring sunshine, and fell full upon her, and then the King saw that her gown was not white, as it seemed in the moonlight, but was the color of yellow gold, and her hair was red gold, and her eyes were of gold and gray mingled. Then for the first time in all his life the King thought of himself and of his own happiness, and he caught her hands and said: "Nothing will ever again content me, not even doing good to my people, if I must part from you. Will you stay and be my Queen?"

The Princess said, "I am seeking my fortune. Do you think you are it?"

"I do not know, my dear," said the King, "whether I am your fortune, but I know well enough that *you* are *mine*!"

Then the Princess clapped her hands and said, "That is the right answer! I have travelled half round the world to hear it: and will you love me always?"

"Always, my Queen," said he; "exactly the same as you will love me. We are not of the race that changes hearts."

So then they kissed each other as lovers should, and wandered along the yew-tree avenue deep in lovers' talk, and never even heard the crowd that the Magician had brought to the front door. So when the crowd found that the Palace door was locked for the night it went home again, but it came back in the morning with trumpets and banners, and scraps of colored stuff tied over its white clothing, and the King went on to meet it.

When the crowd saw him every one began to shout: "Down with Alban!" "Down with the white King!" "Free beer!" "No more washing!" and things like that.

Then the King stood forth and said:

"What have I done but seek for your good? When till now have I thought of my own happiness? Who has stirred you up to these ill-thoughts of me? My people, my own beloved people, have my ears ever been closed to your complaints? Have you wrongs? Tell me, and I will right them. Have you sorrows? Make them known and let me soothe them. Do you not know that your King is your servant, and lives but to do you good?"

And the crowd grumbled and muttered, and one voice cried: "We don't want to be done good to. We want to enjoy ourselves."

"I did not know," said the King, gently. "But now you have spoken I will at once appoint a Minister of Public Enjoyment, and—"

The Magician was watching the crowd, and he saw how the sight of the King's good face and the sound of his good voice were working on their hearts that had once loved him. Now Negretti sprang forward. "One word, brother!" he cried, and led the King into the shadow of a close-clipped yew-tree walk. The moment they were hidden he caught his brother's arm and whispered a wicked spell; and the first words of it were in Persian and the next in Greek, and after that came words in Arabic and Spanish, and the speech of the county of Essex, and the last words of all were "be changed to a stone."

And so strong was the spell that the King was turned to a stone that very minute—a great white stone—and fell under the yew hedge, and lay there.

Then the Magician said "Ha, ha!" and, after waiting so long as he deemed prudent, went back to the people, and said:

"I regret to inform you that your King has proved quite unreliable as a man of business. When I urged him to sign a written agreement to keep you always in a good humor he refused, and then he remembered an urgent appointment in Nova Scotia: and he has gone, and taken most of the crown treasure with him. But do not despair, I will be your King, and I have an income quite sufficient to keep up a small establishment of my own. And my golden argosies are now on the way from the Indies, bearing all manner of precious things, and bales of plush are on their way from Yorkshire."

The people believed

him, for they had



"THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE KING'S STUDY DOOR"



never known a King who spoke anything but truth. So they shouted, "Long live the King!" and the matter was settled. That very day Negretti had the Palace painted magenta, and covered all the window-sashes and mantel-pieces with gold paint and stuck embossed colored scraps on them.

Then he went into the garden to get a good look at his magenta Palace from the outside, and as he went along the clipped-yew walk there was the Princess Perihelia weeping over the white stone.

"What are you crying for?" he asked.

"I'm crying for the White King," said she.

"And why do you cry *here*?" said the Magician.

"I don't know," said the poor Princess, and she looked so beautiful that the Magician went straight into the Palace and told the Prime Tailor to sew new rubies all over his new purple plush suit because he was going a-courting.

The very next day Negretti put on the purple plush suit as well as the Royal Crown, and went to the wing of the Palace which the White King had set apart for the Princess Perihelia to live in. The crown was made of silver and pearls and moonstones, and the new King had ordered a new crown, all gold, and stuck as full of rubies and emeralds and sapphires as a really good Christmas cake is of plums. (I do not mean the cake they call "good, wholesome school cake," but the kind they have at home when there is a party.) He took all his many-colored retinue with him, and they waited on the terrace while the Magician knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the Princess.

"I've come to marry you," said the Magician, coming to the point at once; for he had arranged to have a procession that afternoon, and he was a little pressed for time.

But Perihelia said, "No, thank you."

The Magician could hardly believe his ears. "But you'll be Queen of the land," said he, "and that's what you'd have been if you'd married my brother, and, I suppose, what you wanted to be."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said she.

"Well, what did you want?" said he.

"I wanted to be the White King's wife," said she.

"It's the same thing," he said.

But she said: "No, it isn't, not a bit!" And it was in vain he showed her his best plush suit and the best plush suits of his retainers. She simply wouldn't look at them, nor at the precious stones either; so at last he went off to his Palace to make more rubies and precious stones, and things like that, and she went off to cry over the white stone.

Now a lot of tell-tale-tits had built their nests above the Palace, and some of them flew off and told the Magician how Perihelia was always crying in the yew avenue over the white stone. So he said: "Get a hand-cart, and carry the thing on to the middle of the bridge and drop it into the river." So they did, and the stone stuck, end-up, in the mud; and when the golden argosies of the Magician came up the river, bearing peacocks and apes and turquoises, every single galley split on that stone, and the whole treasure went to the bottom—all but the peacocks, and they flew away into the country of a neighboring King, who thought every one should be useful and not ornamental; so he cut off the peacocks' tails, and clipped their wings and tried to teach them to lay turkey's eggs. But it is very difficult to get a peacock to do anything useful.

So then the Magician set a lot of people dredging for the lost treasure; and, among other things, they fished up some poor dead apes and the big white stone, and as the stone seemed to have been rather in the way in the bed of the river, they carted it away to the fields behind the town, where the white jonquils grew, and dumped it down there, and left it among the long grass.

And the Princess could not come and cry over it there, because she did not know where it was, and, besides, she was very busy; for after she had refused to marry him, the Magi-

cian said, "Very well, then, you can just do the free washing"; for the royal housekeeper had given five minutes' notice, and left at the end of it, as soon as the new King had the Palace painted magenta, and no one else knew how to do washing by white magic, and though the people had sneered at it in the White King's time, they stood out for it now, and said free washing was what they had always been accustomed to. Poor Perihelia did not know the white magic; but she washed by the Sunlight Magic, and everything she sent home from the wash was pinky, or pearly, or greeny, like the little clouds in a May dawn. The people were pleased, but not the Magician.

"I like a color to be a color," he said. "I hate your half-measures."

He was beginning to remodel the kingdom to his own fancy. Instead of a Lord Chief Good-doer he had a Lord Chief Magician, and instead of the Education Department he had a Permanent Committee of Black and Colored Magic, and he shut up the free wash-houses.

"Who wants to wash?" said he, and he ordered a free distribution of nasty medicine instead; and altogether he was really beginning to enjoy himself when another tell-tale-tit came fluttering in at the window of his laboratory, and, perching on the top of a crucible, told him of a Rumor. The Rumor had been running about the town like a mad thing, and wherever it ran it left its tale behind it. Rumor, as you know, is a beast with many tails; and now everybody knew that the white stone had moved in the night, and had come rolling up to the gate of the town.

"Whatever shall we do?" said the Lord Chief Magician, who was pounding up nasty things in the mortar ready for the free distribution of medicine next day.

"Smash it," said Negretti. "I'll take a turn at the medicine while you go and see the thing done."

So the Lord Chief Magician called together the Permanent Committee of Black and Colored Magic, and sent them to break the stone. And when they began to hit it with their hammers and picks seventeen sharp splinters of white stone flew off, and each splinter hit a member of the Committee in the eye and killed him. There were exactly seventeen members, as it happened. So then the Lord Chief Magician shut the town gates and ran home and hid under the bed.

And the people in the town were very much interested in the stone that had rolled by itself and killed seventeen members of the Committee, and they made little parties and picnics all day long, taking their children to look at the stone, and carrying sandwiches with them and bottles of beer.

The Magician was very angry.

"Such rubbish I never heard of," said he when the tell-tale-tit alighted on the window-sill and told him of it. "If they want to look at anything, why can't they come and look at *me*? I'm sure I'm colored enough!"

That night the stone rose up in the thickest of the black dark, when no one at all is out of doors, except the Police—and not always him—and it smashed through the town gate and came rolling right up into the Square and lay there.

The tell-tale-tit awoke the Magician in the morning by singing the news sharply in his ear, and he went out to see. There was a great crowd in the Square, and they all cried out:

"It is a magic stone. It will bring us luck. Build it into the royal Palace."

"I might do worse," thought Negretti. "If good Roman cement and a double coat of magenta paint doesn't keep it quiet nothing will."

So he gave orders, and the stone was carried to the Palace, and built into the wall over the great gate; and while they were gone to fetch the red paint to cover up the stone and the mortar the Lord Chief Magician came out from under his bed, and went sneaking up to the Palace and in at the gate, and the stone fell on him and smashed him quite flat.

Then Perihelia came running out, and she washed the





mortar off the white stone by her Sunlight Magic; and when the Magician came out she said: "Let the stone lie here to-night, and to-morrow, if you will let me go, I will take it away to my own kingdom, so that it shall never trouble you again."

Negretti agreed, because he did not know what else to do, and he was beginning to despair of the Princess ever marrying him, because he had now asked her to do so every day for a month, and always with more display of plush and jewels, and she said "No" more decidedly, and even crossly, every time. So he began to lose heart.

That night, just when the moon was waning, and before morning broke, Princess Perihelia slipped down the Palace stairs and into the garden to look once more on the place where the White King had promised to love her always.

And when she came to that same place there was the white stone lying under the shadow of the white rose-bushes, and pearly rose-leaves had fallen all over it, and were falling still, like tears.

Perihelia knelt down beside the stone and put her arms round it, and said: "Poor stone, dear stone, what is it that troubles you so that you cannot rest? If I only knew I might help you with my Sunlight Magic. Why are you so troubled, and why do I pity you so? Oh, if my White King were here he would understand and help you! But I can do nothing."

With that she began to weep over the stone, calling on the White King to come back to her. And all the while she was talking and weeping the moon was waning and the light in the East grew pearlier and prettier minute by minute. And as she wept and clasped the stone she presently saw in the glowing light that the stone was changing in her arms. Like white sands falling in an hour-glass, the white stone fell away and fell away, until the sun looked through the white rose-bushes and saw Perihelia clasp the living form of the White King in her loving arms.

The sun's was not the only eye which saw that meeting. The Magician had had a bad night, and he came out early, curious to see whether the stone had moved again. His curiosity was gratified.

When the White King saw his treacherous brother his tongue was loosed—hitherto kisses had been speech enough for him—and he spoke the words which he found in his mouth. And they were, naturally enough, the last words that had gone in at his ears, and the words were first Persian and then Greek, and then Arabic and Spanish, and the language of foreigners from Essex; and the words he wound up with were, "Be changed into a stone."

But the wicked spell that had turned King Alban into a stone had grown weaker by keeping (as even '20 port did when it was kept too long), and it had no longer power to do what it ought to have done. It could not turn the wicked Magician into a stone, as I am sure you would wish it to have done; it was only strong enough to turn him into a post.

I do not wish to have to mention such an unpleasant character as Negretti again, so I will tell you at once the end of him. He remained a post for ever and ever, and later on, when King Alban had begun to do things for his people's

good again, he thought it a pity to waste even a post, for he was ever a careful King. So he had it made into a pump, and the water from it was bitter and nasty, like the medicine the Magician used to give the people; and it was very good for children, and gave them a nice bright color in their cheeks. Take care you do not grow pale, or you may have to drink the water out of that pump. It is now at Harrogate, or Epsom, or Bath, or somewhere, and you might quite easily be taken there and made to drink that unpleasant water. The first persons who had to drink it were the Magician's retinue. The King thought it would be good for them, and they were very grateful; but the next night they stole the State barge, and went home by sea to their own country.

Among his other improvements, the King started municipal omnibuses, which were white and gold. But the pump being near the place where the omnibuses changed horses, the conductors used to take the bitter water to wash the omnibuses with, and gradually they became scarlet and blue and green and violet, just as you see them to-day. So now you know the reason of the color of omnibuses. And this is the end of the Magician's part of the story.

When the Magician had been turned into a post the King said: "I'm very sorry."

But the Princess said: "Dear, he deserved it. And being a post is not painful. Let us never think of him again. I have learned many things since I came here. I have something to break to you. Do you think you can bear it?"

"I can bear anything now," said he, holding her in his arms, and kissing her again, because she was so very dear.

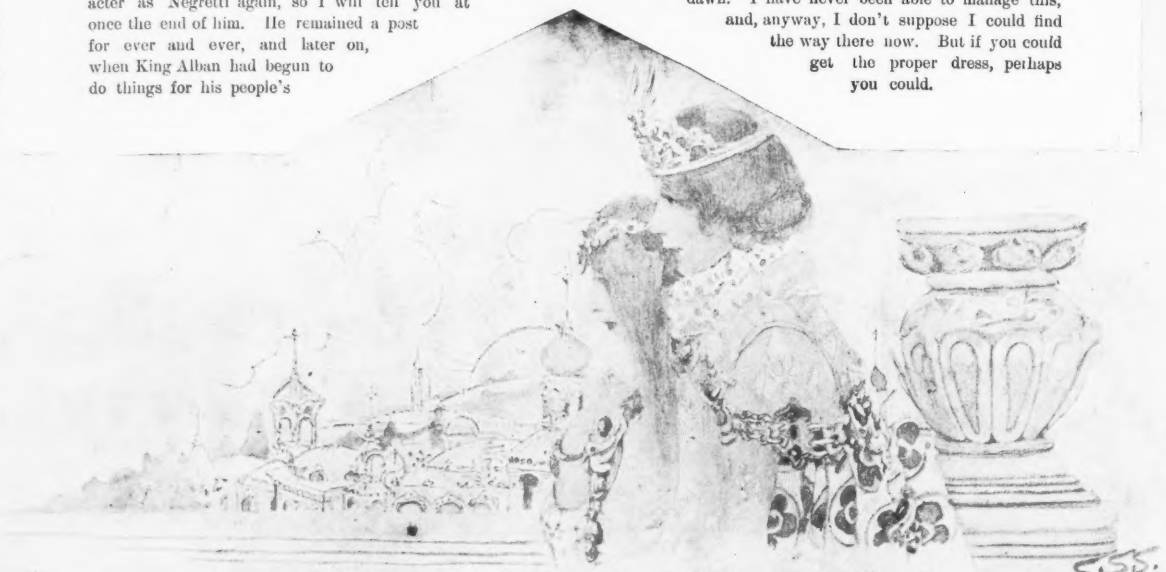
"Well," said Perihelia, "I am Princess of the Sun, and if I marry you, my own dear King, I shan't be able to help coloring your pretty white kingdom a little. Just soft sweet colors, dear, and not an inch of plush. We'll make a law against that the very first thing. And you shall go on teaching your people to be good, and I'll try to teach them to be happy. Do you think I can?"

The White King smiled. "You've taught me," he said; "but now, before we do anything for the people, let's go and get married, and we can begin to make the new laws directly we've finished breakfast. We shall just have time to be married if we go off to church at once."

So they went off, and woke up the Archbishop, and were married, and the Archbishop came home with them to breakfast, and afterward they began to make laws as hard as they could.

The first law was, "There is to be no Plush at all in this kingdom." And now Albanatolia is the most beautiful country in the world, all soft, sweet colors and clear pearly white; and the Queen Perihelia has taught the people how to be happy. I hope you will go there some day. I went there once, but they would not let me stay because I had a black coat on and gaiters; and the sight of these clothes made the people so unhappy that the Queen asked me as a private and personal favor to go away, and never to come back unless I could come dressed in something like the colors of the clouds at dawn. I have never been able to manage this,

and, anyway, I don't suppose I could find the way there now. But if you could get the proper dress, perhaps you could.



CHARLES DICKENS AS A WRITER

I

EVERY YEAR, every Christmas, adds many thousands to the readers of Dickens; but all the years have not corrected the tendency to make light of the specific power of Dickens as a writer. Men still have the habit of saving their reputation as critics by disavowing the literature of Dickens even while they confess the amplitude of its effects. There is laughter for his humor, tears for his pathos, praise for his spirit, and contempt for his authorship. The least every man holds himself bound to say is that he need not say he prefers Thackeray.

Dickens has many faults, but lack of authorship is assuredly not one of them. Rather is there in him a conspicuous genius for words, which the habitual indifference of his time, of his readers, and of his contemporaries in letters could not quench. I never read him but I undergo a new conviction of his authorship, of the vitality of his diction, springing, striking, making a way through the burden of custom. But for the one or two great exceptions of that day who was there to value then the spirit, precision, and nobility of a phrase? Who cared to study English or to look back beyond the century then plodding on a foot neither jocular nor majestic? The daily leading article (little altered) shows us still what was the best effect looked for in that day from modern work. The language of course had to serve a certain end; nevertheless, you might almost say that it meant nothing; veritably, as to the nimbler or the nobler sense, it meant nothing.

Refuse words, too emphatic but with a worn emphasis; strained rhetoric that had lost its elasticity; grave phrases grown dull—authors worked with these, sufficiently well content. The phrases filled the mouth—with dregs. In the work of Dickens there are passages of such English, neither subtle nor simple; and there are also swaggerings, and a thousand false things. He wrote so as a mere matter of course. But his own lively genius asserted itself to be a very writer's genius, by means of the very word; not only here or there, or suddenly, but often and often. It had its way, its only way, to prove that he could write, and was an authentic writer in the springs and sources of his thoughts.

His is not a great style. It has life enough for movement, and not life enough for peace. But that it has life is the fact that proves its title to the name of style. To write much about style is, unfortunately, to tamper with it somewhat; and if the word could be evaded it should here be spared; but that can hardly be done by one who is writing expressly to claim style for Dickens. A secondary style, a style of less than high order, and beset, encumbered, and embarrassed by customs not of his own making, and also by manners for which he himself must answer; but a style, self-proved; impulsive literature; authorship from the beginning; and the immediate, enterprising, brilliant choice of the word and the thought in one.

It cannot be necessary to insist upon Dickens's sense of words. Even those who aver that "in regard to literature they greatly prefer Thackeray" must acknowledge his instant grasp upon the descriptive word. Even if the large title "style" is refused to such a power and faculty (perhaps lawfully), Dickens must be admired for these most appropriate discoveries. See, for example, the brief phrase that gives us Mr. Micawber as he sat by to hear Captain Hopkins read the petition in the prison "from His Most Gracious Majesty's unfortunate subjects." Mr. Micawber listened "with a little of an author's vanity, contemplating (not severely) the spikes upon the opposite wall." The happy parenthesis! "It went from me with a shock, like a ball from a rifle," says David Copperfield, after the visit of a delirious impulse; and what other writer has named that blow of departure, the volley of passion as it goes?

In comedy again: "Mr. Micawber" (he was making punch) "resumed his peeling with a desperate air." He had but now made a "random but expressive flourish with the knife" in reference to the prospects of his family and to his own decease. Traddles, in the same book, with his hair standing on end, "looked as though he had seen a cheerful ghost." And if the heart-easing humor of this little phrase, which sets laughter free, should be accused of a lower intelligence than that of wit, has Dickens not wit in a phrase, as well as humor? Is it not witty to say of the man who had held a sinecure office against all protest, "He died with his drawn salary in his hand?" Is it not witty, too, to banter the worst English of his day by an imitation that shows an author's sense of its literary baseness? The mere words "gratifying emotions of no common description" do this to admiration. It is Mr. Micawber again (excellent figure of comedy—there are no heights of humorous literature whereon he has not the right to stand with the greatest of companions)—it is he who writes that portly phrase. "Tinged with the prismatic hues of memory" he has in the same paragraph, but this is something more farcical, whereas "gratifying emotions of no common description" hits the whole language as it were with one sure arrow. The thickness of the very words, as when Charlotte Brontë, at her primest, writes of "establishing an eligible connection," and of "an institution on the Continent," has not escaped the ear of Dickens the writer. Try as one may to describe a certain kind of English, one is easily outdone by him with a single phrase, invented for an example, such as this of Mr. Micawber's.

All this, nevertheless—the humor of authorship, its wit, and its derision, cited here successively, in representative phrases that had to be chosen among thousands of their kind—does not prove that Dickens had style in the sense that would satisfy a student. Perhaps a student might be willing to find it elsewhere, in

deliberate description. The autumn leaves fall thick, "but never fast, for they come circling down with a dead lightness." "I held my mother in my embrace, and she held me in hers; and among the still woods in the silence of the summer day there seemed to be nothing but our two troubled minds that was not at peace."

How simple and fine is this: "Now the woods settle into great masses as if they were one profound tree"; not only admirably choice in words, but a lesson in vision. And this, also simple, also good, seems to instruct the sense of hearing—the scene is in the Court of Chancery: "Leaving this address ringing in the rafters of the roof, the very little counsel drops, and the fog knows him no more." "Mr. Vholes here emerged into the silence he could hardly be said to have broken, so stifled was his tone." "Beyond was a burial ground . . . in which the night was very slowly stirring." How subtle a phrase for the first dawn! "He comes to a gateway in the brick wall, looks in, and sees a great perplexity of iron lying about."

"A movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, and to call it to witness that I had suffered something." This is the gesture of little David at the end of his journey. If the sense of hearing is opened and urged, and struck to greater life by one phrase, and the sense of vision by another, both are quickened by the storm in "David Copperfield," and the sense of touch is roused by the touches of the tempest. "I dream of it sometimes, though at lengthened and uncertain intervals, to this hour." "There had been a wind all day, and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. . . . We found a cluster of people in the market-place." This last phrase marks the strange night. "Long before we saw the sea its spray was on our lips. . . . The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily toward us. When we came within sight of the sea the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore, with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors all astart and with streaming hair. I went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam." The storm in the morning light: "The wind by this time might have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds." Wonderful here, again, is the perception of things silenced under the stress of sound. Then read all that follows, in the unrelaxed urgency of that great chapter, to the end.

Whoever would try to do Dickens this tardy justice (and here has been space for no more than an indication of the way of it) must choose passages that have the quality of dignity. They are not so very few. Elegance he has not, but his dignity is clear to readers who prize this quality too much to be hasty to deny it.

II

In estimating Charles Dickens's capacity for a prose style of dignity we ought to bear in mind his own singular impatience of antiquity of all degrees, and also the sense of fresh life he had—his just conviction of his own new leadership. He broke with the past, and his *renouveau* was too stimulating to his own genius. It was in spite of this, and in spite of a public that was modern, excitable, boastful of the age, boastful about steam and trade, eager to frolic with a new humorist, and yet more eager to weep with a new sentimentalist, that Dickens possessed himself, in no infrequent passages, of a difficult dignity.

His people, his populace, and the first critic of his day at the head of all classes, pushed him further and yet further on the way of abandonment—the way of easy extremes; by praise, by popularity, by acclamation, they sent their novelist in search of yet more occasion for laughter and tears, of caricature and intemperate pathos.

Moreover, as has just been said, Dickens was urged by his own modern conviction, and excused by his splendid sense of words. He was tempted everywhere. As you read him you learn to understand how his vitality was at work, how it carried him through his least worthy as well as his worthiest moments, and justified his confidence where a weaker man had confessed unconsciously the ignominies of false art and luxurious pathos. Charles Dickens seems to defy us to charge him with these. None the less do we accuse him—at Little Paul's death, for example. Throughout this child's life—admirably told—the art is true, and at the very last few lines the writer seems to yield to applause and to break the strengthening laws of nature down. A word or two astray—"the light about the head," and "shining on me as I go," phrases that no child ever spoke, and that make one wince as though with pain by their untruthfulness—and the sincerity of literature is compromised.

But it is not with such things that the work of Dickens is beset; it is rather filled with just felicities—so filled that on my search for passages of composure and dignity I am tempted to linger among excellent words that are to be praised merely because they are the words of precision—arms of precision—specific for his purpose. Two proper names are worthy to be placed among these—Vholes, for the predatory yet not fraudulent lawyer in "Bleak House," and Tope, for the cathedral verger in "Edwin Drood": something dusty and dusky, with wings; something like a church mouse, silent and a little stealthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Tope—there is naturally a pair engaged about the stalls and the hassocks, and within the "pre-

cincts" generally. It is Christmas, and Mr. and Mrs. Tope "are daintily sticking sprigs of holly into the carvings and sconces of the cathedral stalls, as if they were sticking them into the coat-buttonholes of the Dean and Chapter." From the same book comes the fine description of the young Eurasians: "A certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet withal a certain air of being the objects of the chase rather than the followers." The words lack elegance, but they are vivid; these follow: "An indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression, both of face and form." What enterprising words! How gallantly Dickens sets forward to describe, and how buoyantly!

Fancy in Charles Dickens is the most vigilant elf that ever lurked in brilliant human senses. Fancy has her own prose style; though doubtless Imagination inspires more of the ultimate peace that seems to contain the tempests of great tragedies. But fancy has both a vulgar prose and a fine; the fine assuredly is his. Instead of charging him with the vulgar alertness of the street (and this seems to be the accusation used by those who aver that they can no longer read him) we ought to acknowledge the Ariel-delicacy of his images and allusions, and the simplicity of his caprice, resembling the simplicity of an unpreoccupied child. His fancy lives awake in eyes and ears of subtle intendment, and speaks in words of immediate authorship.

Compare his sense of autumn with that of a writer who had been obliged to pause for secondary words: "There has been rain this afternoon, and a wintry shudder goes among the little pools in the cracked, uneven flagstones. . . . Some of the leaves, in a timid rush, seek sanctuary within the low-arched cathedral door; but two men coming out resist them, and cast them out with their feet."

Here again are hearing and vision: "Within the grill-gate of the chancel, up the steps surmounted looming by the fast darkening organ, white robes could be dimly seen, and one feeble voice, rising and falling in a cracked monotonous mutter, could at intervals be faintly heard . . . until the organ and the choir burst forth and drowned it in a sea of music. Then the sea fell, and the dying voice made another feeble effort, and then the sea rose high and beat its life out, and lashed the roof, and surged among the arches, and pierced the heights of the great tower; and then the sea was dry and all was still." And this is how a listener overheard men talking in the cathedral hollows: "The word 'confidence,' shattered by the echoes, but still capable of being pieced together, is uttered." In another passage, moreover, Dickens stops at the mere sense of vision, and confirms that intent impression by instantly using a certain word where a writer of lesser vigilance would have used another: "Mr. Vholes gauntly stalked to the fire, and warmed his funeral gloves." "I thank you," said Mr. Vholes, putting out his long black sleeve, to check the ringing of the bell, "not any."

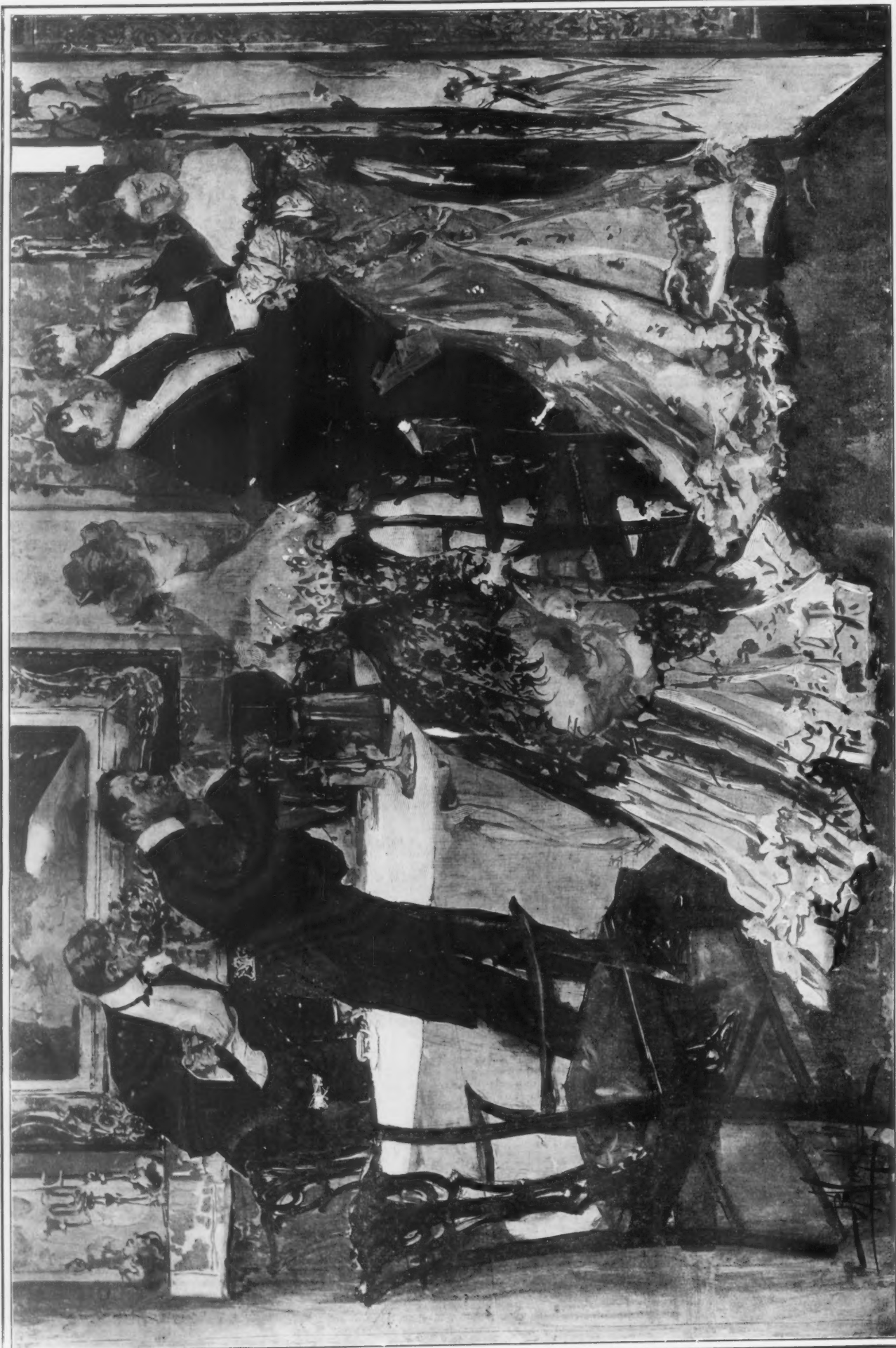
Less simple and less subtle, but full of the words of perception, is this last description of Volumnia, the elderly but sprightly Dedlock. The Dedlocks, by the way, are mere convention; yet Dickens sees these creatures of tradition with a living eye: "Then, indeed, does the tuckered sylph . . . proceed to the exhausted old assembly-room, fourteen heavy miles off. Then does she twirl and twine, a pastoral nymph of good family, through the mazes of the dance. Then is she kind and cruel, stately and unassuming, various, beautifully wilful."

It is in the passages of childhood—veritable childhood, in which the famous Little Nell seems to me to have no part—that Dickens writes those words of perception of which literature would do well to be proud. Take the passages of several of the novels in which the heart of a child is uttered by the humorist in whose heart nothing ceases to live. These pages are too full for citation. But here, in the last word of the phrase, is a most characteristic stroke of authorship. Pip, in "Great Expectations," as every one knows, has taken food for his convict, and he goes to church on Christmas morning: "Under the weight of my wicked secret, I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged to that establishment." Another word of precision is this: "Trabb's boy, when I had entered, was sweeping the shop, and he had sweetened his labors by sweeping over me." Here is another, and it repeats the effect of Mr. Vholes's sleeve, in a child's apprehension: "Miss Murdstone, who was busy at her writing-desk, gave me her cold finger-nails." "A sobbing gaslight," Mrs. Wilfer's "darkling state," and "lurid indications of the better marriages she might have made" (wherever she celebrates her silver-wedding)—these serve to remind a reader of the thousands of their admirable kind.

I cannot think that the telling of a violent action (most difficult achievement of narrative writing) could be done more dramatically than it is done in the passage that tells the murder in "Martin Chuzzlewit." So with the half-told murder in "Edwin Drood." As by strong dramatic drawing in a picture, the thing is held. These passages of extreme action are never without dignity. Literary dignity is rarer in the pathetic mood, but it is frequent in landscape: "All beyond his figure was a vast dark curtain in solemn movement toward one quarter of the heavens." It seems to me that the word "curtain" is common, and that it would have spoiled the phrase of many writers as it fails to spoil that of Dickens.

Nor is dignity absent from this composed thought of Esther Summerson: "There was nothing to be undone; no chain for me to drag or for him to break." This has a quality not unworthy of Bolingbroke, and resembling him by nobility.

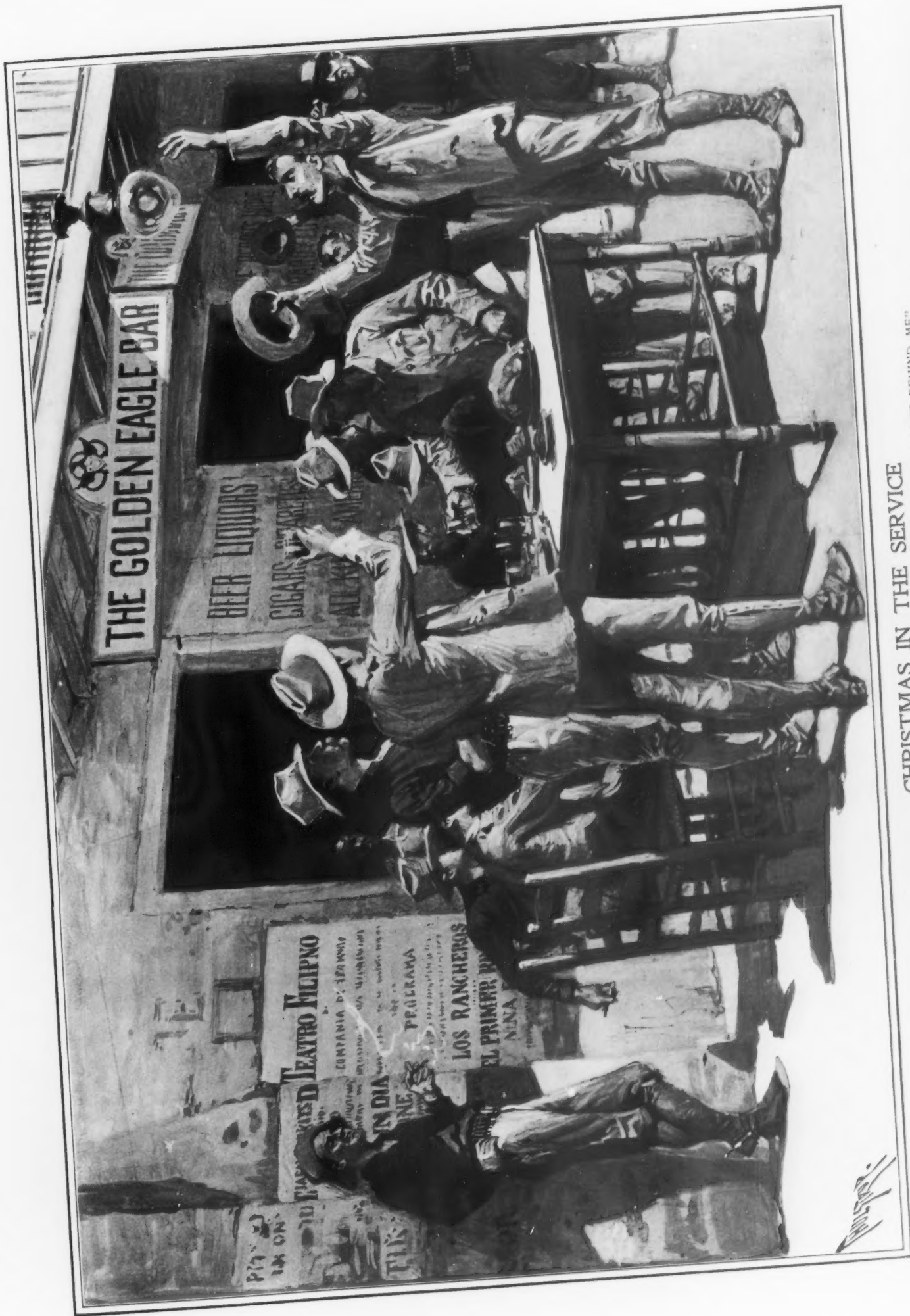
ALICE MEYNELL.



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

CHRISTMAS IN THE SERVICE

WASHINGTON. WHEN THE LADIES LEAVE THE TABLE—A CHANCE TO FIGHT THE SPANISH WAR OVER AGAIN



CHRISTMAS IN THE SERVICE
MANILA. TURKEY DINNER AT THE "GOLDEN EAGLE" BAR—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP



"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"



WO to toil in the sandy soil.
Why so many to share the spoil?
Two men less in the foc'sle mess—
Dead men tell no tales.

Painted
HOWARD
Words
MORGAN ROSS



TELL NO TALES!"

Painted by
HOWARD PYLE

Words by
JAN HOBERTSON



EARINGS take for the future's sake,
Anchors break for a future stake,
Two men left with the grisly guess—
Dead men tell no tales.

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THE REAL RIGHT THING

By · HENRY · JAMES

Author of "THE TWO MAGICS," "THE GIVEN CASE," &c., &c.



WHEN, AFTER the death of Ashton Doyme—but three months after—George Withermore was approached, as the phrase is, on the subject of a "volume," the communication came straight from his publishers, who had been, and indeed much more, Doyme's own; but he was not surprised to learn, on the occurrence of the interview they next suggested, that a certain pressure as to the early issue of a *Life* had been brought to bear upon them by their late client's widow. Doyme's relations with his wife had been, to Withermore's knowledge, a very special chapter—which would present itself, by the way, as a delicate one for the biographer; but a sense of what she had lost, and even of what she had lacked, had betrayed itself, on the poor woman's part, from the first days of her bereavement, sufficiently to prepare an observer at all initiated for some attitude of reparation, some espousal even exaggerated of the interests of a distinguished name. George Withermore was, as he felt, initiated; yet what he had not expected was to hear that she had mentioned him as the person in whose hands she would most promptly place the materials for a book.

These materials—diaries, letters, memoranda, notes, documents of many sorts—were her property, and wholly in her control, no conditions at all attaching to any portion of her heritage; so that she was free at present to do as she liked—free, in particular, to do nothing. What Doyme would have arranged had he had time to arrange could be but supposition and guess. Death had taken him too soon and too suddenly, and there was all the pity that the only wishes he was known to have expressed were wishes that put it positively out of account. He had broken short off—that was the way of it; and the end was ragged and needed trimming. Withermore was conscious, abundantly, how close he had stood to him, but he was not less aware of his comparative obscurity. He was young, a journalist, a critic, a hand-to-mouth character, with little, as yet, as was vulgarly said, to show. His writings were few and small, his relations scant and vague. Doyme, on the other hand, had lived long enough—above all had had talent enough—to become great, and among his many friends gilded also with greatness were several to whom his wife would have struck those who knew her as much more likely to appeal.

The preference she had, at all events, uttered—and uttered in a roundabout, considerate way that left him a measure of freedom—made our young man feel that he must at least see her and that there would be in any case a good deal to talk about. He immediately wrote to her, she as promptly named an hour, and they had it out. But he came away with his particular idea immensely strengthened. She was a strange woman, and he had never thought her an agreeable one; only there was something that touched him now in her blundering, painful impatience. She wanted the book to make up, and the individual whom, of her husband's set, she probably believed she might most manipulate was in every way to help it to make up. She had not taken Doyme seriously enough in life, but the biography should be a solid reply to every imputation on herself. She had scantily known how such books were constructed, but she had been looking and had learned something. It alarmed Withermore a little from the first to see that she would wish to go in for quantity. She talked of "volumes"—but he had his notion of that.

The publishers were amenable enough, and so, he presently saw, would Mrs. Doyme end by being; all she had really wished was that he should enter into her uneasy, belated passion and relieve her nerves by making her feel him in her service. He should successfully have his own way on special questions, and what meanwhile carried him along was what she had

said to him almost as soon as she rose before him there in her large array of mourning—with her big black eyes, her big black wig, her big black fan and gloves, her general gaunt, ugly, tragic, but striking and, as might have been thought from a certain point of view, "elegant" presence. "You're the one he liked most; oh, much!"—this had been quite enough to turn Withermore's head. It little mattered that he could afterward wonder if she had known Doyme enough, when it came to that, to be sure. He would have said for himself indeed that her testimony on such a point would scarcely have counted. Still, there was no smoke without fire; she knew at least what she meant, and he was not a person she could have an interest in flattering. They went up together, from the first, to the great man's vacant study, which was at the back of the house and looked over the large green garden—a beautiful and inspiring site, to poor Withermore's view—common to the expensive room.

"You can perfectly work here, you know," said Mrs. Doyme; "you shall have the place quite to yourself—I'll give it all up to you; so that in the evenings, in particular, don't you see? for quiet and privacy, it will be perfection."

Perfection indeed, the young man felt as he looked about—having explained that, as his actual occupation was an evening paper and his earlier hours, for a long time yet, regularly taken up, he would have to come always at night. The place was full of their lost friend; everything in it had belonged to him; everything they touched had been part of his life. It was for the moment too much for Withermore—too great an honor and even too great a care; memories still recent came back to him, and, while his heart beat faster and his eyes filled with tears, the pressure of his loyalty seemed almost more than he could carry. At the sight of his tears Mrs. Doyme's own rose to her lids, and the two, for a minute, only looked at each other. He half expected her to break out: "Oh, help me to feel as I know you know I want to feel!" But after a little one of them said, with the other's deep assent—it didn't matter which: "It's here that we're with him." But it was definitely the young man who put it, before they left the room, that it was there he was with them.

The young man began to come as soon as he could arrange it, and then it was, on the spot, in the charmed stillness, between the lamp and the fire and with the curtains drawn, that a certain intenser consciousness crept over him. He turned in out of the black London November; he passed through the large, hushed house and up the red-carpeted staircase where he only found in his path the whisk of a soundless, trained maid, or the reach, out of a doorway, of Mrs. Doyme's queenly weeds and approving tragic face; and then, by a mere touch of the well-made door that gave so sharp and pleasant a click, shut himself in for three or four warm hours with the spirit—as he had always distinctly declared it—of his master. He was not a little frightened when, even the first night, it came over him that he had really been most affected, in the whole matter, by the prospect, the privilege and the luxury, of this sensation. He had not, he could now reflect, definitely considered the question of the book—as to which there was here, even already, much to consider; he had simply let his affection and admiration—to say nothing of his gratified pride—meet, to the full, the temptation Mrs. Doyme had offered them.

How did he know, without more thought, he might begin to ask himself, that the book was, on the whole, to be desired? What warrant had he ever received from Ashton Doyme himself for so direct and, as it were, so familiar an approach? Great was the art of biography, but there were lives and lives, there were subjects and subjects. He confusedly recalled, so far as that went, old words dropped by Doyme over contemporary compilations, suggestions of how he himself discriminated as to other heroes and other panoramas. He even remembered how his friend, at moments, would have seemed to show himself as holding that the "literary" career might—save in the case of a Johnson and a Scott, with a Boswell and a Lockhart

to help—best content itself to be represented. The artist was what he *did*—he was nothing else. Yet how, on the other hand, was not *he*, George Withermore, poor devil, to have jumped at the chance of spending his winter in an intimacy so rich? It had been simply dazzling—that was the fact. It hadn't been the "terms," from the publishers—though these were, as they said at the office, all right—it had been Doyme himself, his company and contact and presence—it had been just what it was turning out, the possibility of an intercourse closer than that of life. Strange that death, of the two things, should have the fewer mysteries and secrets! The first night our young man was alone in the room it seemed to him that his master and he were really for the first time together.

II

MRS. DOYNE had for the most part let him expressively alone, but she had on two or three occasions looked in to see if his needs had been met, and he had had the opportunity of thanking her on the spot for the judgment and zeal with which she had smoothed his way. She had to some extent herself been looking things over and had been able already to muster several groups of letters; all the keys of drawers and cabinets she had, moreover, from the first placed in his hands, with helpful information as to the apparent whereabouts of different matters. She had put him, in a word, in the fullest possible possession, and whether or no her husband had trusted her, she at least, it was clear, trusted her husband's friend. There grew upon Withermore, nevertheless, the impression that, in spite of all these offices, she was not yet at peace, and that a certain unappeasable anxiety continued even to keep step with her confidence. Though she was full of consideration, she was at the same time perceptibly there; he felt her, through a supersubtle sixth sense that the whole connection had already brought into play, hover, in the still hours, at the top of landings and on the other side of doors, gathered from the soundless brush of her skirts the hint of her watchings and waitings. One evening when, at his friend's table, he had lost himself in depths of correspondence, he was made to start and turn by the suggestion that some one was behind him. Mrs. Doyme had come in without his hearing the door, and she gave a strained smile as he sprang to his feet. "I hope," she said, "I haven't frightened you."

"Just a little—I was so absorbed. It was as if, for the instant," the young man explained, "it had been himself."

The oddity of her face increased in her wonder. "Ashton?"

"He does seem so near," said Withermore.

"To you too?"

This naturally struck him. "He does then to you?"

She hesitated, not moving from the spot where she had first stood, but looking round the room as if to penetrate its duskier angles. She had a way of raising to the level of her nose the big black fan which she apparently never laid aside and with which she thus covered the lower half of her face, her rather hard eyes, above it, becoming the more ambiguous. "Sometimes." "Here," Withermore went on, "it's as if he might at any moment come in. That's why I jumped just now. The time is so short since he really used to—it only was yesterday. I sit in his chair, I turn his books, I use his pens, I stir his fire, exactly as if, learning he would presently be back from a walk, I had come up here contentedly to wait. It's delightful—but it's strange."

Mrs. Doyme, still with her fan up, listened with interest. "Does it worry you?"

"No—I like it."

She hesitated again. "Do you ever feel as if he were—a quite—a personally in the room?"

"Well, as I said just now," her companion laughed, "on hearing you behind me I seemed to take it so. What do we want, after all," he asked, "but that he shall be with us?"

"Yes, as you said he would be—that first time." She stared in full assent. "He is with us."

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She was rather portentious, but Withermore took it smiling. "Then we must keep him. We must do only what he would like."

"Oh, only that, of course—only. But if he is here—?" And her sombre eyes seemed to throw it out, in vague distress, over her fan.

"It shows that he's pleased and wants only to help? Yes, surely; it must show that."

She gave a light gasp and looked again round the room. "Well," she said as she took leave of him, "remember that I too want only to help." On which, when she had gone, he felt sufficiently—that she had come in simply to see he was all right.

He was all right, more and more, it struck him after this, for as he began to get into his work he moved, as it appeared to him, but the closer to the idea of Doyme's personal presence. When once this fancy had begun to hang about him he welcomed it, persuaded it, encouraged it, quite cherished it, looking forward, all day, to feeling it renew itself in the evening, and waiting for the evening very much as one of a pair of lovers might wait for the hour of their appointment. The smallest accidents humored and confirmed it, and by the end of three or four weeks he had come quite to regard it as the consecration of his enterprise. Wasn't it what settled the question of what Doyme would have thought of what they were doing? What they were doing was what he wanted done, and they could go on, from step to step, without scruple or doubts. Withermore rejoiced indeed at moments to feel this certitude: there were times of dipping deep into some of Doyme's secrets when it was particularly pleasant to be able to hold that Doyme desired him, as it were, to know them. He was learning many things that he had not suspected, drawing many curtains, forcing many doors, reading many riddles, going, in general, as they said, behind almost everything. It was at an occasional sharp turn of some of the duskier of these wanderings "behind" that he really, of a sudden, most felt himself, in the intimate, sensible way, face to face with his friend; so that he could scarcely have told, for the instant, if their meeting occurred in the narrow passage and tight squeeze of the past, or at the hour and in the place that held him. Was it '67, or was it but the other side of the table?

Happily, at any rate, even in the vulgar light publicity could ever shed, there would be the great fact of the way Doyme was "coming out." He was coming out too beautifully—better yet than such a partisan as Withermore could have supposed. Yet, all the while, as well, how would this partisan have represented to any one else the special state of his own consciousness? It wasn't a thing to talk about—it was only a thing to feel. There were moments, for instance, when, as he bent over his papers, the light breath of his dead host was as distinctly in his hair as his own elbows were on the table before him. There were moments when, had he been able to look up, the other side of the table would have shown him this companion as vividly as the shaded lamp light showed him his page. That he couldn't at such a juncture look up was his own affair, for the situation was ruled—that was but natural—by deep delicacies and fine timidity, the dread of too sudden or too rude an advance. What was intensely in the air was that if Doyme *was* there it was not nearly so much for himself as for the young priest of his altar. He hovered and lingered, he came and went, he might almost have been, among the books and the papers, a hushed, discreet librarian, doing the particular things liked by men of letters.

Withermore himself, meanwhile, came and went, changed his place, wandered on quests either definite or vague; and more than once, when, taking a book down from a shelf and finding in it marks of Doyme's pencil, he got drawn on and lost, he had heard documents on the table behind him gently shifted and stirred, had literally, on his return, found some letter he had mislaid pushed again into view, some wilderness cleared by the opening of an old journal at the very date he wanted. How should he have gone so, on occasion, to the special box or drawer, out of fifty receptacles, that would help him, had not his mystic assistant happened, in fine prevision, to tilt its lid, or to pull it half open, in just the manner that would catch his eye?—in spite, after all, of the fact of lapses and intervals in which, *could* one have really looked, one would have seen somebody standing before the fire, a trifle detached and over-erect, and fixing one the least bit harder than in life.

III

THAT this auspicious relation had in fact existed, had continued for two or three weeks, was sufficiently proved by the dawn of the distress with which our young man found himself aware that he had, for some reason, from a certain evening, begun to miss it. The sign of that was an abrupt, surprised sense—on the occasion of his mislaying a marvellous unpublished page which, hunt where he would, remained stupidly, irrecoverably lost—that his protected state was, after all, exposed to some confusion and even to some depression. If, for the joy of the business, Doyme and he had, from the start, been together, the situation had, within a few days of his first new suspicion of it, suffered the odd change of their ceasing to be so. That was what was the matter, he said to himself, from the moment an impression of mere mass and quantity struck him as taking, in his happy outlook at his material, the place of his pleasant assumption of a clear course and a lively pace. For five nights he struggled; then, never at his table, wandering about the room, taking up his references only to lay them down, looking out of the window, poking the fire, thinking strange thoughts and listening, for signs and sounds not as suspected or imagined, but as vainly desired and invoked, he made up his mind that he was, for the time at least, forsaken.

The extraordinary thing then became that it made him not only sad not to feel Doyme's presence, but in a high degree uneasy. It was stranger, somehow, that he shouldn't be there than it had ever been that he *was*—so strange indeed at last that Withermore's nerves found themselves quite inconsequently affected. They had taken kindly enough to what was of an order impossible to explain, perversely reserving their sharpest state for the return to the normal, the supersession of the false. They were remarkably beyond control when, finally, one night, after resisting an hour or two, he simply edged out of the room. It had only now, for the first time, become impossible to him to remain there. Without design, but panting a little and positively as a man scared, he passed along his usual corridor and reached the top of the staircase. From this point he saw Mrs. Doyme looking up at him from the bottom quite as if she had known he would come; and the most singular thing of all was that, though he had been conscious of no notion to resort to her, had only been prompted to relieve himself by escape, the sight of her position made him recognize it as just, quickly feel it as a part of some monstrous oppression that was closing over both of them. It was wonderful how, in the mere modern London hall, between the Tottenham Court Road rugs and the electric light, it came up to him from the tall black lady, and went again from him down to her, that he knew what she meant by looking as if he would know. He descended straight, she turned into her own little lower room, and there, the next thing, with the door shut, they were, still in silence and with queer faces, confronted over confessions that had taken sudden life from these two or three movements. Withermore gasped as it came to him why he had lost his friend. "He has been with you?"

With this it was all out—out so far that neither had to explain and that, when "What do you suppose is the matter?" quickly passed between them, one appeared to have said it as much as the other. Withermore looked about at the small, bright room in which, night after night, she had been living her life as he had been living his own upstairs. It was pretty, cosy, rosy; but she had by turns felt in it what he had felt and heard in it what he had heard. "You understood he had left me?" he asked.

She markedly wished to make it clear. "This evening—yes. I've made things out."

"You knew—before—that he was with me?"

She hesitated again. "I felt he wasn't with me. But on the stairs—"

"Yes?"

"Well—he passed, more than once. He was in the house. And at your door—"

"Well?" he went on as she once more faltered.

"If I stopped I could sometimes tell. And from your face," she added, "to-night, at any rate, I knew your state."

"And that was why you came out?"

"I thought you'd come to me."

He put out to her, on this, his hand, and they thus, for a minute, in silence, held each other clasped. There was no peculiar presence for either, now—nothing more peculiar than that of each for the other. But the place had suddenly become as if consecrated, and Withermore turned over it again his anxiety. "What is then the matter?"

"I only want to do the real right thing," she replied after a moment.

"And are we not doing it?"

"I wonder. Are you not?"

He wondered too. "To the best of my belief. But we must think."

"We must think," she echoed. And they did think—thought, with intensity, the rest of that evening together, and thought, independently—Withermore at least could answer for himself—during many days that followed. He intermitted for a little his visits and his work, trying, in meditation, to catch himself in the act of some mistake that might have accounted for their disturbance. Had he taken, on some important point—or looked as if he might take—some wrong line or wrong view? Had he somewhere benevolently falsified or inadequately insisted? He went back at last with the idea of having guessed two or three questions he might have been on the way to muddle; after which he had, above stairs, another period of agitation, presently followed by another interview, below, with Mrs. Doyme, who was still troubled and flushed.

"He's there?"

"He's there."

"I knew it!" she returned in an odd gloom of triumph. Then, as to make it clear: "He has *not* been again with me."

"Nor with me again to help," said Withermore.

She considered. "Not to help?"

"I can't make it out—I'm at sea. Do what I will, I feel I'm wrong."

She covered him a moment with her pompous pain. "How do you feel it?"

"Why, by things that happen. The strangest things. I can't describe them—and you wouldn't believe them."

"Oh yes, I would!" Mrs. Doyme murmured.

"Well, he intervenes," Withermore tried to explain. "However I turn, I find him."

She earnestly followed. "Find him?"

"I meet him. He seems to rise there before me."

Mrs. Doyme, staring, waited a little. "Do you mean you see him?"

"I feel as if at any moment I may. I'm baffled. I'm checked." Then he added: "I'm afraid."

"Of him?" asked Mrs. Doyme.

He thought. "Well—of what I'm doing."

"Then what, that's so awful, are you doing?"

"What you proposed to me. Going into his life."

She showed, in her gravity, now, a new alarm.

"And don't you like that?"

"Doesn't *he*? That's the question. We lay him

bare. We serve him up. What is it called? We give him to the world."

Poor Mrs. Doyme, as if on a menace to her hard atonement, glared at this for an instant in deeper gloom. "And why shouldn't we?"

"Because we don't know. There are natures, there are lives, that shrink. He mayn't wish it," said Withermore. "We never asked him."

"How could we?"

He was silent a little. "Well, we ask him now. That's, after all, what our start has, so far, represented. We've put it to him."

"Then—if he has been with us—we've had his answer."

Withermore spoke now as if he knew what to believe. "He hasn't been 'with' us—he has been against us."

"Then why did you think—?"

"What I *did* think, at first—that what he wishes to make us feel is his sympathy? Because, in my original simplicity, I was mistaken. I was—I don't know what to call it—so excited and charmed that I didn't understand. But I understand at last. He only wanted to communicate. He strains forward out of his darkness; he reaches toward us out of his mystery; he makes us dim signs out of his horror."

"Horror?" Mrs. Doyme gasped with her fan up to her mouth.

"At what we're doing." He could by this time piece it all together. "I see now that at first—"

"Well, what?"

"One had simply to feel he was there, and therefore not indifferent. And the beauty of that misled me. But he's there as a protest."

"Against my life?" Mrs. Doyme waited.

"Against *any* life. He's there to *save* his life. He's there to be let alone."

"So you give up?" she almost shrieked.

He could only meet her. "He's there as a warning."

For a moment, on this, they looked at each other deep. "You are afraid!" she at last brought out.

It affected him, but he insisted. "He's there as a curse!"

With that they parted, but only for two or three days; her last word to him continuing to sound so in his ears that, between his need really to satisfy her and another need presently to be noted, he felt that he might not yet take up his stake. He finally went back at his usual hour and found her in her usual place. "Yes, I am afraid," he announced as if he had turned that well over and knew now all it meant. "But I gather that you're not."

She faltered, reserving her word. "What is it you fear?"

"Well, that if I go on I shall see him."

"And then—?"

"Oh, then," said George Withermore, "I should give up!"

She weighed it with her lofty but earnest air. "I think, you know, we must have a clear sign."

"You wish me to try again?"

She hesitated. "You see what it means—for me—to give up."

"Ah, but *you* needn't," Withermore said.

She seemed to wonder, but in a moment she went on. "It would mean that to-night there's nothing ready—no lamp and no fire."

"Never mind," he said from the foot of the stairs; "I'll find things."

To which she answered that the door of the room would probably, at any rate, be open; and retired again as if to wait for him. She had not long to wait; though with her own door wide and her attention fixed, she may not have taken the time quite as it appeared to her visitor. She heard him, after an interval, on the stair, and he presently stood at her entrance, where, if he had not been precipitate, but rather, as to step and sound, backward and vague, he showed at least as livid and blank.

"I give up."

"Then you've seen him?"

"On the threshold—guarding it."

"Guarding it?" She glowed over her fan. "Distinct?"

"Immense. But dim. Dark. Dreadful," said poor George Withermore.

She continued to wonder. "You didn't go in?"

The young man turned away. "He forbids!"

"You say I needn't," she went on after a moment.

"Well then, need I?"

"See him?" George Withermore asked.

She waited an instant. "Give up."

"You must decide." For himself he could at last but drop upon the sofa with his bent face in his hands.

He was not quite to know afterward how long he had sat so; it was enough that what he did next knew was that he was alone among her favorite objects. Just as he gained his feet, however, with this sense, and that of the door standing open to the hall, he found himself afresh confronted, in the light, the warmth, the rosy space, with her big black perfumed presence. He saw at a glance, as she offered him a hunger, bleaker stare over the mask of her fan, that she had been above; and so it was that, for the last time, they faced together their strange question. "You've seen him?" Withermore asked.

He was to infer later on from the extraordinary way she closed her eyes and, as if to steady herself, held them tight and long, in silence, that beside the unutterable vision of Ashton Doyme's wife his own might rank as an escape. He knew before she spoke that all was over. "I give up."

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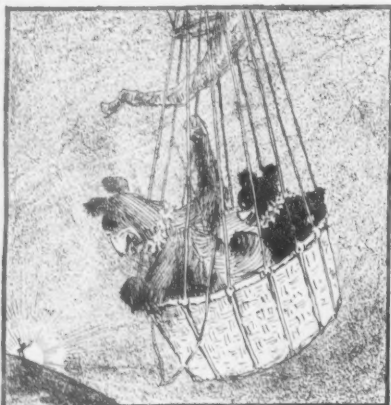
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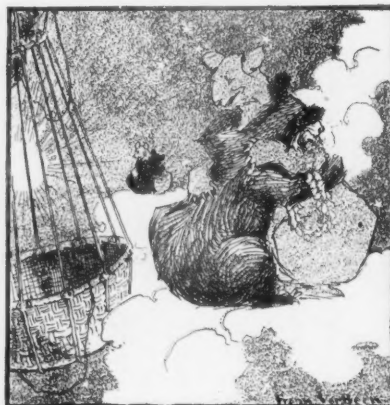
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THE ADVENTUROUS BEARS

HOW THE BIG BEAR AND THE LITTLE BEAR, BY MEANS OF A CAPTURED BALLOON, MADE A CHRISTMAS VISIT TO THEIR RELATIVES IN THE STARS

DRAWINGS BY FRANK VER BECK

THE HOME OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

OF THE 1,600,000 or more Christmas trees used in our markets each season, at least three-fifths grow on the bleak hill-sides of Eastern and Northern Maine, where the harvesting and shipping of Christmas trees to the towns and large cities along the Atlantic coast are conducted on a large scale. Well-paying employment is thus furnished to hundreds of young farmers and timbermen, and at a time, too, when finances are low and demands for ready money are proportionately many. "Big game" is not so plentiful as in years gone by, and it is seldom now that a sleek buck or a fat wood bear comes the way of the woodman to replenish the larder.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Christmas tree business was first opened in Maine, no more than four schooners were employed, and their united cargoes contained less than five thousand trees. To-day six times that number of vessels skirt along the coast as far south as New York, while dozens of train-loads are sent to various points of distribution in New York, Pennsylvania, and the New England States.

Harvesting the Christmas trees is conducted in no careless or haphazard sort of way. Not every fir will answer the purpose. The ideal tree should be intensely green, symmetrical, straight and graceful, with an abundance of limbs stiff enough to hold up the donations and ornaments they are designed to bear.

Although the trees are necessarily bulky and expensive to ship, there are large profits in the business, for the Christmas fir trees probably do not cost two cents apiece delivered in Boston or New York. The price of the smallest tree in the cities seldom if ever falls below twenty-five cents—ascending from that sum to a maximum of about five dollars.

Fir trees are not the only Christmas greens which come from the Pine Tree State. Deep in the pine woods, among resinous needles and broken limbs, there grows a creeping, vine-like plant, known commonly as the "ground plant." Every fall the country children go to the pine woods and tear up great stacks of ground pine, which is afterward sorted, pressed into boxes

In its peculiar ability to invigorate the body and give tone to the system, loss the great value of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

Indigestion gives way to the potent power of Abbott's the Original Angostura Bitters. Renewed strength and vigor follow the use of the genuine. Grocers and druggists.

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There is never any change in the superior qualities of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In delicate flavor, richness and perfect keeping qualities it can be guaranteed. It has stood First for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.

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Genuine bears name Horsford's on wrapper.

or sacks, and sent to the cities, where it is used in making wreaths, festoons and streamers for auxiliary holiday adornment.

"The coral-red berry of the wild raisin, which grows by fence sides and on waste land all over Maine, is not so imposing in its festive appearance or as renowned as the English holly, yet it is a much-sought article for Christmas decorative purposes. The boys and girls in the country districts scour the pastures and commons for these plants every November, bind them in artistic little bundles and pack them in boxes for shipment. Along with the wild raisins are sent clusters of berries from the American roundwood tree, bundles of rose stalks, brilliant with their bunches of scarlet hips, and crates of thorn plums. The sale of Yuletide berries and such minor accessories brings to the children of Maine two and three thousand dollars every year.

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Caused by Coffee Drinking.

"I was twenty years old before I learned to like coffee, but about that age I was occupied where I felt the need of a stimulant of some sort, and took up coffee in earnest.

"When I tried leaving off coffee, sick headache invariably followed every breakfast without coffee, so I stuck to it, but other troubles set in. A serious catarrhal condition set in and grew worse until I began to lose sleep and the ears began that peculiar roaring sound, which continued steadily. I finally lost the use of one ear altogether, and the other one became very bad.

"I am satisfied that coffee was the cause of the nervous troubles that showed in the loss of my hearing, for when I left it off and took up Postum Food Coffee, my hearing began to improve, and my general condition rapidly changed for the better. I feel less 'on a strain all the time.' That terrible pulsation has practically left my ears; I sleep very much better; bowels are never constipated now as they were while I was using coffee. I am rapidly getting back to where I was seven years ago. You can imagine that I esteem Postum Food Coffee very highly indeed." Chas. Worrall, 622 Lawrence St., Topeka, Kan.

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Now, without any beating about the bush, we want to say: If you want an apricot, almond, peach, pear, prune, fig or nectarine orchard, we are the people who can, and will develop it for you in better shape, and for less money, and on easier terms than any other firm in California. We've been at it nine years, so we ought to know how. We can do it because we supply land at a low price, because we are on the ground, and thoroughly equipped for the work, and because we are doing lots of it—handling about 4,000 acres of trees, most of which belong to Eastern folks.

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DRAWN BY FINE A. D. LAND

HEY THE JOLLY RED COAT (Old Style)



HE WAS a jolly Red Coat,
Stood guard on Bow-
ling Green.
She caught his eye,
That maiden sly,
And lost her heart, I
ween.

Chorus, sing
Hey the jolly Red Coat,
Ho the jolly Red Coat,
Hey the jolly Red Coat,
Stood guard on
Bowling Green.

A PATRIOTIC maid was she,
But her heart beat quick and fast.
Full oft they met
When sun had set:
The time had quickly past.

Chorus, sing
Hey the jolly Red Coat,
Ho the jolly Red Coat,
Hey the jolly Red Coat,
Who won her heart away.



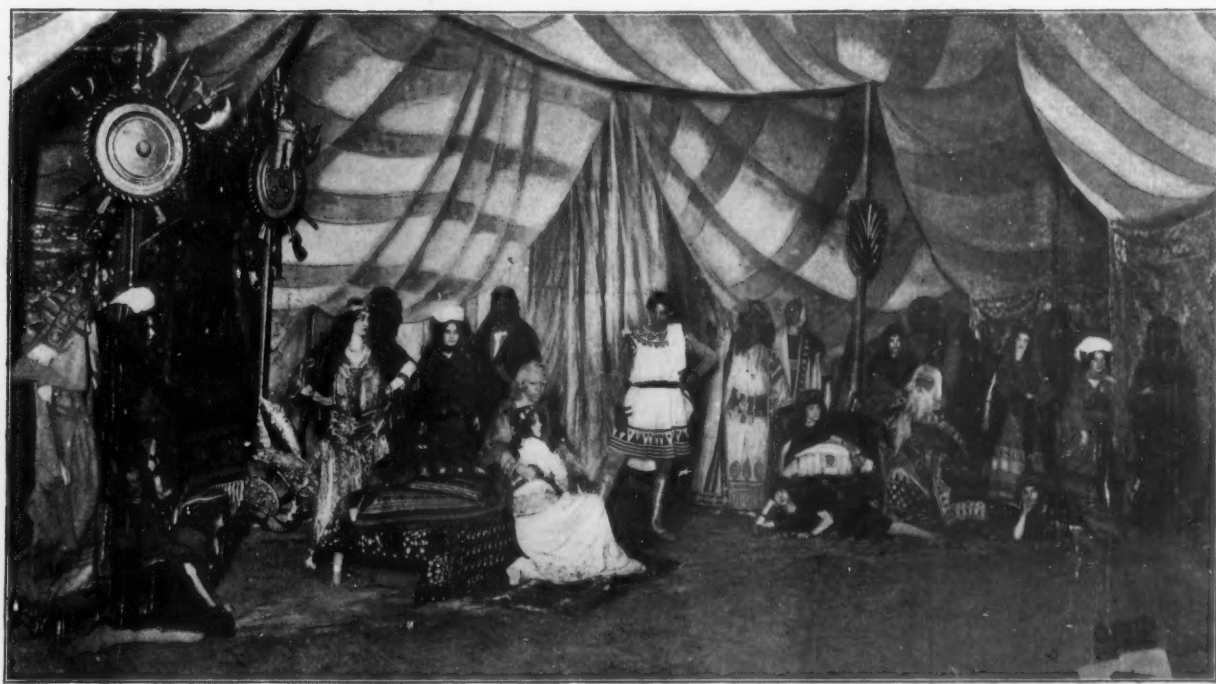
AND ON Evacuation Day
The Red Coat sailed away—
Returned no more.
One heart was sore:
She ne'er had said him nay.

Chorus, sing
Hey the jolly Red Coat,
Ho the jolly Red Coat,
Hey the jolly Red Coat,
Who bore her heart away.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STERN, NEW YORK

SIMONIDES
(HENRY LEE)

IRAS (MISS CORONA RICCARDO) ESTHER (MISS GRETCHEN LYONS) BEN HUR (EDWARD MORGAN)

"BEN HUR," AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT IV., FIRST TABLEAU—THE DOWAR OF SHEIK ILDERIM IN THE ORCHARD OF PALMS

THE DRAMA

AT THE Broadway Theatre, Mr. William Young's stage-version of General Lew Wallace's popular novel, "Ben Hur," has made an unqualified success. Without being a great play, it is interesting, coherent, well-written, ingenious, and dramatic. It repeats in a new and enticing form a story dear to hundreds of thousands of readers; it appeals equally to the religious feelings and to the emotions; it contains a succession of varied and spectacularly beautiful scenes. It will please the habitual play-goer, and it will attract to the theatre large numbers of that vast body of people who are rarely seen within theatre walls. It is a great satisfaction to find a work of this kind that may be frankly recommended to all classes of theatre-goers. It is safe to predict that "Ben Hur" will hold the American stage for several years to come, and that it will find equal favor in England, where its present proprietors expect later to see it presented.

Mr. Young opens his play with a tableau, representing the meeting of the three wise men of the desert. This is very well devised and executed by Albert, even if the effect of the star does seem a bit mechanical and theatrical. It, moreover, creates a religious atmosphere at the start. The play proper begins on the housetop of the palace of Hur, in Jerusalem, a very brilliantly painted scene, also by Albert, giving a bird's-eye view of the whole city. Here Ben Hur is seen with his mother and his sister, and here he meets his old friend, Messala, now an officer in the hated Roman army that has proudly marched into the city. Mr. Young has written with great spirit the quarrel scene between the two old friends, leading to Messala's angry departure. The army is then heard sweeping through the streets, and as Ben Hur leans forward to watch the soldiers, he accidentally loosens the tile that falls and kills one of the detested Romans. This mischance gives Messala a speedy vengeance, and the curtain falls on Ben Hur's arrest. In this act, save during the earlier scenes, which are needlessly long and explanatory, there is plenty of movement, and the climax has a fine theatrical effectiveness. Indeed, the crowding in of important incidents at the close of the act is a decided fault. The slipping of a tile seems too trivial an accident for consequences so serious.

Mr. Young showed daring and originality by opening his second act in the interior of the Roman galley of Arrius, with the tiers of slave-rowers on either side. Historically and practically the arrangement of this interior is absurd; but it has a certain picturesqueness and undeniable novelty. Among the rowers is a young man who attracts the attention of Arrius by his intelligent face and noble bearing. Arrius questions him, and learns that he is Ben Hur of the princely house of Hur of Jerusalem. He has been a slave for three years. In the battle that follows shortly afterward, Ben Hur shows extraordinary bravery, and, in the second scene of the act, is discovered on a raft in the open sea with Arrius, whose life he has saved. This scene rouses great enthusiasm, and the illusion of the sea is certainly achieved very well, though not more realistically than it has often been done in other spectacular plays in recent years. If we were to stop to examine this act, we should find flaws enough; but in the rapidity of the movement they pass unnoticed. Melodrama,

even religious melodrama, must not be considered too seriously.

The action then passes to Antioch, where Ben Hur, free again, seeks news of his mother and sister at the house of Simonides, and learns that they have disappeared. In this act, too, he meets Simonides' daughter, Esther, whose beauty and gentle character at once appeal to him, as well as the Egyptian charmer, Iras, who proceeds at once to exercise her charms on him. Then begins the conflict between passion and love, which the dramatist has handled with great care, but not without power. In the third act—which, divided into three scenes, all finely painted by Gros, is crowded with incident, and is varied by some extremely graceful, if not historically accurate, dancing, by a band of young and

Ben Hur's victory, moreover, has an appropriate dramatic value, leading to a superb climax.

Oddly enough, the most moving scenes of the drama take place in the last act, which in itself is an inspiring little drama in three scenes. Ben Hur returns to his home in Jerusalem, where he learns from his faithful servant, Amrah, that his mother and sister were subjected by the vindictive Messala to the infection of leprosy, and were perishing in the mountains; but Amrah has far happier tidings, as well. They concern the appearance of the Messiah, who has already been known to make lepers whole. Ben Hur at once seeks for his people under the guidance of Amrah, and finally meets them at Mount Olivet, where they have already been cured by the touch of the Saviour's hands. The scene at the Mount is the most uplifting in the play, crowded as it is with white-robed figures bearing palm-branches and singing, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!" the presence of the Redeemer being indicated by a white light. In this act, too, Ben Hur breaks away from the influence of Iras and returns to the faithful Esther.

It was thought that the piece might offend from irreverence. Indeed, the fear of seeming irreverence kept General Wallace for many years from giving his consent to the preparation of a dramatic version of his story. But Mr. Young has shown taste and discretion; there is not a scene, not a word, likely to jar the sensibilities of the most reverent spectator. Moreover, the acting is in harmony with the character of the play. On the whole, it is of a very high quality. The best work was done by that admirable actress, Miss Mary Shaw, in the comparatively small part of Amrah, which, in the last act, she lifted into prominence by her simplicity, her sincerity, her fervor, and by the beauty of her bearing and diction. It is one of the most artistic performances seen in New York this season. We seldom find a player capable of lending to a performance such authority and distinction. As Ben Hur, Mr. Edward Morgan appeared to excellent advantage. He looked handsome, and he played discreetly always, and, wherever he had a chance to show feeling, with a superb intensity. Mr. Morgan has never failed to rise to power when power was demanded, but, when his work has been in a low key, he has been prone to fall into a monotonous delivery. In this character, however, he did not for one moment become monotonous, and some of his gentler speeches were delivered with great beauty of feeling and expression. In the difficult part of Simonides, Mr. Henry Lee, a very capable actor, too often absent from our stage in recent years, played with over-accentuation, but with an intelligence that showed he had given the character close study. Miss Corona Riccardo made a notable success with the character of Iras, acting with surprising ease and variety of expression, and with truly siren-like witchery. A capital performance, too, was given by Mr. Emmett Corrigan as Ilderim, and Mr. Frederick Truesdell made interesting and artistic the rather thankless part of Malluch. Even on the first night the supernumeraries and the scenery were skilfully managed, and the piece moved with hardly a hitch. General Wallace beamed through his heavy glasses from a stage box, and when called before the curtain said a few words. Later he had to rise in his seat and explain that Mr. Young could not respond to the enthusiastic calls, as he had left the theatre. Altogether it was an occasion worthy of the excitement, for it marked the launching of a play that will, before it disappears, give many thousands of people an inspiration.

JOHN D. BARRY.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

EDWARD MORGAN

beautiful dancing-girls—Ben Hur is informed that his old enemy is about to ride in the chariot race, and resolves to compete. The fourth act, in two elaborate and effective scenes by Gros, reveals the Dowar in the Orchard of Palms, and the edge of the lake on which Iras sails triumphantly away, bearing the fascinated Ben Hur in her barge. The widely advertised chariot race takes place in the fifth act, and, as such things go on the stage, it is quite as wonderful and as exciting as such expedients can possibly be. The four horses attached to the two chariots face the wings and seem to be tearing madly across the stage, the illusion being maintained by means of the familiar treadmill and the rapidly whirling scenery. But, of course, one must not examine too closely scenes of this kind. Their novelty pleases the public, and therein lies their justification.

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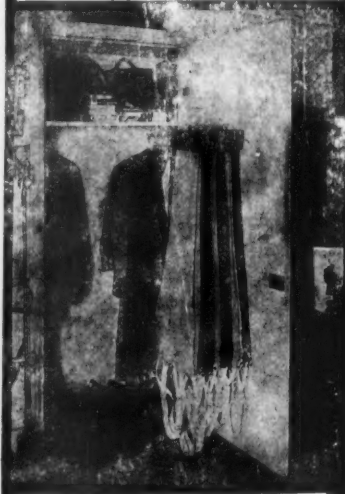
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A BLIND SHOT
A WELL-KNOWN divinity professor, a grave and learned man, had five daughters, whom his students irreverently named "Genesis," "Exodus," "Numbers," "Leviticus," and "Deuteronomy." Beginning his lecture one day, the professor said: "Gentlemen, I wish to speak to you about the age of Genesis." Roars of laughter came from the students. "Genesis is not so old as you suppose," continued the professor. More roars—so long continued, indeed, that the worthy man had time to think before he made the next remark. He said timidly—and he managed to hit the mark this time: "I may not be thinking of the same Genesis as you are!"

A STUDY IN YELLOW
THE stranger in a great city was being shown over the offices of a famous publishing house. He saw the printing machines and the type-setting outfit and then he said, with a little timidity: "There's one thing more I'd like to see." "What's that?" "I'd like to see 'em edit." "Oh! Of course. I had pretty nearly forgotten that. You know, we're so enterprising that the editor is only a small part of it. But we've got editors. Lots of 'em. See that man with the waste-paper basket by the side of his desk and the stack of letters three feet high?" "Yes." "We've got up a discussion on kissing dogs. He's the Kissing Dog editor. The man just to his right, with all the diamonds, gives advice to people in love. He's the Wounded Heart editor. Those portly, handsome gentlemen to his right, who are engaged in ordering the office-boys around, are the Sea-serpent, How-to-be-Bautiful, and Summer Drinks editors. The How-not-to-eat-with-your-knife editor is away on his holiday. The When-to-put-on-our-dannels editor is away on his vacation, too." "And that unassuming man, who sits over there in a corner and doesn't seem to be in it?" "Oh, he's just a managing editor, or an editor-in-chief, or something—I don't know exactly what."

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To any person who intends to buy nice furniture it will pay, and pay well, to send for our catalogue and investigate the positive advantages of buying "Direct from Factory at Factory Prices." This space is too small to give full details, but the following will give an idea of the extremely low prices at which we sell strictly HIGH GRADE furniture.

A Splendid Gift for Father or Mother

\$25.00 buys this restful "Colonial Rocker," No. 379.

COVERED with best quality machine-buffed GENUINE leather. Has genuine hair cushions. Tufted back. Choice of maroon, olive-green or russet-color leather. At retail a similar rocker costs \$40.00 to \$50.00.

The Very Queen of Gifts for a Lady

\$9.75 buys this Mahogany "Ladies' Desk," No. 245.

A dainty birthday, wedding or Christmas gift. **FRONT** is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front, two locks. Small drawer inside, places for paper, pen, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's-eye maple. Trimmings are all solid polished brass.

This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost \$15.00 to \$20.00.

For the Lover of Music

\$8.75 buys this nice Mahogany "Music Cabinet," No. 365.

FRONT is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with mother-of-pearl and white holly. Has French legs, adjustable shelves and lock. Trimmings are solid brass, and bottom of drawer is pretty bird's-eye maple. This cabinet has a rich polish finish, and from a dealer will cost \$12.00 to \$17.50.

A Choice Gift for Young Man

\$22.50 buys this beautiful quarter-sawn Golden Oak "Home Desk," No. 381.

THE DESIGN of this desk is almost perfection for a "home" desk. It combines all the practical features of a regular office desk—roll top, letter file, book stalls, sliding arm rest, plenty of drawers, pigeon-holes, ball-bearing casters, etc.—and in a way that is graceful, artistic and full of style. At retail it would cost from \$30.00 to \$45.00.

Our Liberal Terms: Each article is shipped "On Approval." Freight prepaid, and may be returned to us at our expense if not positively the best of its kind ever sold "direct from the factory to the user" at so low a price as we offer it.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

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THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Every Hen Owner

should send at once for the largest and most profusely illustrated incubator book ever printed. Describes and pictures **Prairie State Incubators** 59 colored plates and scores of illustrations. Full of valuable information for all who raise, or intend to raise, poultry. Free.

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THE PREMIUM
MADE-TO-ORDER
GRAIN & COAL
MEASURE SCALE
OF THE WORLD
LATEST MODEL

OFFICIAL STOCK SCALE
WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893
ALSO OMAHA EXPOSITION 1898
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL
GET THE BEST AND SAVE MONEY!
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Wizard Cameras

Make the Best Presents

and afford more pleasure, instruction and happy days than can be derived from almost anything else. A Wizard Camera will last for a lifetime and can be depended upon to give lasting satisfaction.

They are made in 27 styles and cover the entire camera demand from the low-priced snap-shot box to the elaborate Professional style and range in price from

\$5 to \$80

We make every part of our Cameras

Catalogue sent free if you mention Collier's

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO. OF N. Y.
Address: Factory, CRESSKILL, N. J.

COE'S ECZEMA CURE \$1.

A MUSICIAN'S MEAL

THE celebrated French composer, Meilhac, who died lately, was one of the absent-minded geniuses. He was also a man of simple tastes in the matter of food. It is related of him that, on an occasion when one of his operas was being presented, he entered, in evening dress, a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the musical event of the evening and about nothing else.

A waiter brought him a bill-of-fare, and Monsieur Meilhac quite abstractedly indicated with his finger the first dish on the bill that his eye had struck. It happened to be the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was commotion.

The proprietor himself arrived, and he and the chief cook devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient, and another for another. Meantime Monsieur Meilhac waited, absorbed.

At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited on the table Meilhac looked at it with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked.

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Do you like it?"

"But—but yes, monsieur."

"Then please take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Meilhac, "and bring me two fried eggs."

The order was carried out, and the proprietor wondered if he had a madman to deal with.

HIS SOFT SPOT

EDITOR "There's plenty of work for an able-bodied man to do. Why don't you apply for a position as a sandwichman."

Tramp. "It's ag'in me convictions. De newspaper is de only advertising medium."

He got a trifle.

THE POET'S GRIEVANCE

THE editor was sitting in his office one day, when a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope, with an inscription upon it.

"B—," said the editor, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B. It's an S," said the man.

"S; oh, yes; I see! Well, it looks like 'Salt for dinner,' or 'Souls of sinners.'"

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the kind! That's my name—Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. Called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"Don't remember it."

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

The editor fled.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' RECORDS

OF the younger war correspondents, Mr. W. S. Stevens, the bright correspondent of the London "Daily Mail," who has been spending the last few weeks within the close confines of Ladysmith, is perhaps the most experienced.

Many of the war correspondents run each other close in this respect. The oldest of war correspondents, William Howard Russell, of the London "Times," went through the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and saw most of the battles of the Crimean War. When the Indian Mutiny broke out he once more left England for the scene of action, and returned only to go abroad again during the American war of 1861-65. He also represented the "Times" in the Austro-Prussian and Franco-German wars. Mr. Archibald Forbes's opportunity came with the Franco-German war, when he was given the post of war correspondent to the London "Daily News." He was present at the battles of Courcelles, Vionville, and Gravelotte. He saw Bazaine's abortive attempt to break out of Metz and the surrender of the French at Sedan. He was the first non-combatant to enter Paris after the siege. He was in Spain during the tumults that succeeded the abdication of King Amadeus. He was at the seat of war during the Serbian revolt, and was present at the battle of the Shipka Pass, and under fire during Skobeleff's attempt to take Plevna.

A HUMBLE REQUEST

"Ma, may I go out to play?"

"No; you must sit still where you are." Pause.

"Ma, may I go down into the kitchen?"

"No; I want you to sit perfectly quiet." Pause.

"Ma, mayn't I sit on the floor and play marbles?"

"I have told you twice that I want you to sit just where you are and be quiet, and I mean exactly what I say." Pause.

"Ma, may I grow?"

Cyclists want

Veeder

CYCLOMETERS

for Christmas

TO START THEIR MILEAGE FOR 1900 ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

The Veeder Cyclometer is a perfect instrument—dust proof, water proof, positive action—as useful as your watch. It is made for 24, 26, 28, and 30-inch wheels.

Ordinary, 10,000 mls. & repeat, nick '14, \$1.00
Gold-plated & eng'd, 2.50
Trip Cycl'tr, nick '14, .50
Gold-plated & eng'd, 4.00

Illustrated Booklet Free.
VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

MONEY to patent good ideas may be secured by our aid. THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

We Send This \$6.00 HOT AIR Stove For \$1.99

The ALBANY

hot air stoves will burn chips, straw, wood, sawdust, coals, in fact anything used for fuel except coal. The Albany is made with beautifully polished steel bodies, smooth as a mirror and handsomely ornamented, with full nickel trimmings, lined with heavy sheet steel, and, if desired, are furnished with nickel plated foot rails. No. 26 is 26 inches long, 18 1/2 wide, 24 in. high; fuel opening 12 1/2 inches. No. 30 is 30 inches long, 14 1/2 in. wide, 20 in. high; fuel opening 10 1/2 inches diameter. Will heat your parlor, sitting room, dining room, bed room or office from zero to 100 degrees above in fifteen minutes. Draft can be regulated perfectly. Heats a room 20 feet square in less time and with less fuel than any other stove. Will positively hold fire the year round, if fuel is added every ten or twelve hours. Will save one-half your fuel, consequently one-half the cost and labor of chopping, splitting and lugging. The cleanest, cheapest and safest stove in the world. TO INTRODUCE this new wonder hot air stove into your town we will for the next 15 days send you a No. 20 Stove on receipt of only \$1.99 and 3 monthly payments of \$1 each, or a No. 28 Stove on receipt of \$3 and 4 monthly payments of \$1 each. Said payments may be made regularly to any responsible merchant you name in your own town or to our own agency if we have one. If you prefer, send spot cash and 10 names of persons you think might buy and we will send you No. 26 for \$5.50, and No. 30 for \$8.75 nickel-plated rails, 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Granite State Evaporator Co. (Mrs. Sap Evaporators and Feed Cookers), ALBANY, N. Y.



FREE SAMPLE

consisting of two bottles containing enough of

"OUR FAVORITE" GOLD ENAMEL (Washable)

to gild a small frame, also a brush to apply it with, to any one mentioning this paper and enclosing a 2-cent stamp for postage. As brilliant and smooth as Gold-leaf. Ready for use. A child can apply it. Shows no brushmarks. Can be washed without tarnishing. Gilds everything, such as frames, chairs, bric-a-brac, fancy articles, chandeliers, baskets, etc. Also made in ALUMINUM SILVER. When not sold by dealers, will send full-size box (gold or silver) for 25c., large size (three times the quantity), 50c., express paid. Address

GERSTENDORFER BROS., Dept. 5,
47 Park Place, N. Y. City. 175 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

RAZORS

There are Razors and Razors. But our "NEW IDEA" special hollow ground razor is the acme of perfection for those who shave themselves. Made in 1-2, 3-4 and 3-4 inch widths. Will not require honing for years. Edges set ready for use. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Mailed to any address on receipt of \$2.00. Corn Razor, the best thing for the purpose, \$1.00. Montello Cutlery Co., Brockton, Mass.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal.

4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the only Distillers in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to consumers direct. Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD PENNSYLVANIA RYE \$3.60

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and aged in wood under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than 8 years old, most of it to 12 years old when first bottled. Sold direct to the consumer from our distillery at the low price of \$3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

We also offer our SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at \$3.00 Express Prepaid

\$3.00 for four full quarts. This is the finest 7 year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than \$5.00.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,
Address all orders in Warehouse AW 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.
Orders for Ariz., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting.

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

SAVE ONE-HALF YOUR FUEL

We Tell You How. FUEL
Rochester Radiator Co., 17 Furnace St., Rochester, N. Y.

"When you do drink, Drink Trimble."

Trimble

Whiskey

The Green Label bottling is 10 years old. A Pure Rye Whiskey. Unequalled for Family, Medicinal or general use. Get the best.

Ask for Trimble Green Label.

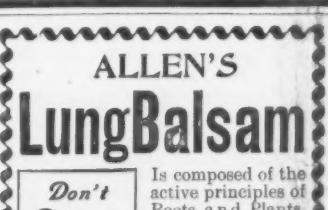
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phila. and N. Y.
Sole Proprietors' Established 1793.

ALLEN'S LungBalsam

Is composed of the active principles of Roots and Plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities. Its action is expectorant, causing the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions, purifies the blood, heals the inflamed and irritated membrane, gives tone to the digestive organs, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough. It contains no opium. For sale by all druggists.

THREE SIZES.
25c., 50c., and \$1.00.



Don't Delay to Cure That COUGH WITH ALLEN'S Lung Balsam.

Is composed of the active principles of Roots and Plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, causing the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions, purifies the blood, heals the inflamed and irritated membrane,

gives tone to the digestive organs, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough. It contains no opium. For sale by all druggists.

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THREE SIZES.
25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

ROUND THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



GREETINGS

THERE CAN BE no period so auspicious as the present for inaugurating a department devoted to the interests of women and the home. The season is that of universal goodwill, the season of Merry Christmas. On the thronged streets happy people jostle one another, laughter ripples, jests abound, and Christmas planning and shopping go gayly on. Good-humor is contagious, and fun overflows, until the most churlish heart is melted, and the saddest is cheated of gloom, and feels the pulse of the effervescent pleasure. Santa Claus is radiantly in evidence. A vision of Christmas toys and Christmas stockings, the elfin sound of Christmas bells a-jingle on the keen and frosty air, stirs us to reminiscence and anticipation. One of the best gifts the season brings is this renewed zest, this capacity for enjoyment, this impression of the changeless youth of the world. With the crisp touch on our cheeks of the wintry air, we drop all the years have brought of regret or pain, and are light-hearted and buoyant, expecting, as the little ones do, to find something we want waiting for us just around the next corner. Surely this is the time of all times to begin a department where woman may dispense a genial hospitality, discuss topics in which she has a special concern, and extend an occasional welcome to an appreciative man. Here, too, the college professor may now and then speak, and the undergraduate find a welcome. And sometimes there will be room for the children to come in with the other sweets.

The intention is to give wide scope for differing opinions, to look at life from various points of view, and to present papers of a thoughtful character on themes of current importance. From week to week our gathering here will be in the nature of a symposium. Friends and acquaintances will, so to speak, exchange the coin of conversation as those do who meet in the graceful intercourse of good society. Informality, toleration, and comradeship may be confidently expected.

Of the best housekeeping, on which, as on the corner-stone, rests the finest home-making, we shall hear from women who have achieved the successful results of intelligent study. Of motherhood in its bearing on the development of the family a department for women must necessarily take frequent notice. Of business and professional careers for women, and the housing of women who seek a great city for purposes of preparation, we shall not be forgetful. Once in a while, we shall knock at the doors of a Club or a Federation, and ask admission to the meetings of earnest women in council.

Sometimes when you open your paper, Madame or Mademoiselle, you will find a bright short story, or a play for acting by amateurs in a drawing-room.

To tell you all about our plans would, in this issue, be premature. We promise variety, practical help, progressive yet conservative expressions and comments; we hope to receive friendly suggestions, and to be met by our readers with cordial sincerity. Women in town and country, of whatever age, whatever training, whatever predominating interest, may look on this page as belonging to themselves, and the aim to please and serve them will always be kept in sight.

And so with Tiny Tim, we say, "God bless us every one!"

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN

ONCE a year at least we are all children together. Imagine, if you can, a world from which childhood should be absent. If, in any star among those sweeping planets over our heads, there is one wholly inhabited by grown-up folk, that must be a quiet and grave place, a place to shun, a place of lonesome dignity, robbed of motive and of charm.

Our homes exist for the children. They afford us our best reason for the incessant toil which is less a curse to the race than a blessing. Their insistent claims on our care cannot be put aside. Their joyful irresponsibility is in contrast to our continual sense of obligation. Like the birds and the flowers, they bring song and bloom into our lives, and their dependence on us is as simple, their faith as sincere, as ours ought to be on the great All Father.

When Christmas comes, their little cups are full to the brim. Such small things please them, too: the doll, the train of cars, the toy elephant, the picture-book. When we do not spoil them, by defrauding them of their share in the giving, as well as in the receiving, how much pleasure they take in choosing their presents; what wonderful ideas they have of the possibilities of a dollar; how they select the biggest and most beautiful things, without a thought of the cost. Money is nothing to a child. He has not yet entered upon that sordid phase of being, when expense obtrudes itself like a genie of evil in the garden of roses. A child's heart is as large as heaven. A child's love is as wide as a child's life. At Christmas, we all dwell for a little while under the beautiful sceptre of the Child in the Midst.

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SAYS Mr. Dooley, apropos of Christmas presents, "I niver got what I wanted, an' I niver expect to. No wan does."

And he strikes pretty near the truth.

The most plausible explanation of this depressing state of affairs may perhaps be found in too rigid an adherence to the letter rather than the spirit of the Golden Rule. Every one gives to his neighbor that which he himself would like to receive, and which is not invariably at all what the neighbor appreciates. For instance, a serious-minded scientific student may do as he would be done by when he presents a set of abstruse intellectual works to his lady-love, but she is no more likely to feel that he has filled the measure of her wants than he would be if her Christmas *gage d'amour* were a box of bon-bons. Nor does the average husband particularly value the reception chairs the wife gives him, nor she prize the carved ivory chessmen which were his choice for her when she does not play chess. Each could better have chosen individually, and made no blunder.

The problem of Christmas presents has been satisfactorily—to themselves—settled by a certain practical family who have devised a new method of discharging their Yule-tide obligations. They keep a list of all the Christmas gifts they make and receive. From the stock of the latter that arrive on Christmas morning they select the usually large supply of articles that none of them want. Most people get plenty of these at Christmas time. The practical family lay these carefully aside.

When next the season of peace and goodwill comes around, they compare their lists, and from last year's accumulation select articles for this year's distribution. Considerable thought is demanded to avoid returning the gifts to the original donors, but money and exertion are saved. And perhaps if the exchange of gifts is conducted on a mere principle of barter and exchange, the plan is not bad. Great is the indignation in that family when any one has been so inconsiderate as to write a presentation inscription on the fly-leaf of a book or the back of a picture. "Now we will have to keep it ourselves," is the wail.

While this course is naturally open to objections by some old-fashioned persons who feel that it does not carry out the spirit popularly supposed to be connected with Christmas gifts, it must be allowed that it simplifies matters. Sordid it is to the last degree, but commendable to Mr. Gradgrind's idea of things.

The month preceding Christmas is a period of mental strain for those who have any ambition to give appropriate gifts. "All my family have everything already," moans one. "What can one give to a man who does not smoke and never reads a book?" laments another. It is in such extremities as these that despairing women present—to quote Mr. Dooley again—"suspinders that r-run pink flowers into their shirts an' tattoo thim in summer. An' they conceal their grief on Chris'mas mornin' an' thry to look pleasaant with murder in their hearts."

It requires a large dower of altruism and a talent that amounts to genius for putting one's self in another's place, to select presents that will please those who receive as well as those who give. Such selection cannot be made on the spur of the moment.

The clever people are those who put out an anchor to windward by accumulating Christmas gifts, either by manufacture or purchase, long before the holiday season approaches. They pick up local curios during their vacation outings, they embroider dainty trifles in the endless summer afternoons on hotel verandas. Then they flatter themselves that they are ready for Christmas—and so in a manner they are. But no amount of preparation will avail to keep them out of the whirlpool at the last. Something stronger than themselves draws them into the maelstrom of Yule-tide shopping. And, upon the whole, she would not do without the pleasant excitement of being in the swim with the rest.

The woman who fancied at Thanksgiving that practically all her Christmas gifts were in the house and that nothing would call her to the over-filled shops, is quite likely to find herself, by the middle of December, fighting her way through the crowds of busy buyers and enjoying the experience she had thought she dreaded. All her sedateness has vanished, she is one with the crowd, its enthusiasm sways her, the smell of the evergreens exalts her with the rush of associations it brings, and in spite of years and cares she knows again the dear, delicious thrill that in childhood she used to describe as "Christmas in her bones."

DAD AND MOTHER AND ME

Nobody's like old Santa Claus

With his red and jolly face;

There's not another around the globe

Can travel so swift a pace.

His twinkling eyes, and his merry laugh,

His chuckle of bubbling glee—

Nobody else is so dear by half

To Dad and Mother and Me.

He doesn't forget the baby sweet

As she rocks in her cradle white;

He has time to wait for the lagging feet

Of the old, by candle-light.

He has gifts and gifts for the young and gay,

Who encircle the Christmas Tree;

And he has the love to his latest day

Of Dad and Mother and Me.

The frost is chill in the nipping blast,

Smooth is the icy mere;

The short fleet days go hurrying past

To the last of the waning year.

And never was rose of the summer's prime

So royally fair to see

As the rose that blooms in the winter's rime

For Dad and Mother and Me.



Saint Raphael Wine

A tonic made and bottled in France expressly for people in poor health; also for

Nursing Mothers

"Saint Raphael Wine has been used with great success in England by ladies nursing their own children in place of stout which creates unhealthy fat deleterious to mother and child."—The Lancet, London, Eng.

Only the healthful parts of the grape concentrated and pasteurized. Use after meals.

ACKER, HERRALL & CONNIT
and leading wine merchants and pharmacists.
Circulars mailed on request by addressing
St. Raphael Wine Co., 64 Broad St., New York

FINE FURS.

Sealskin, Persian and Baby Lamb Jackets,
Capes & Muffs a Specialty.

We particularly recommend our large importation and collection of Russian and Hudson Bay Sable, Mink, Persian and Ermine Collarettes, in Exquisite designs.

Unsurpassed variety of NECKWEAR, in all Furs.
Gentlemen's Fur Coats. Half and Parlor Rugs.

EVERYTHING IN FURS.

A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR REMODELLING
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F. BOOSS & BRO.,

Importers and Manufacturers,
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TELEPHONE 388 SPRING.
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Style Book Mailed on Application.

Knowing Ones
among wheelmen and those who have studied wheels, select popular

Rambler BICYCLES

1900 PRICE \$40
because of their merit and established good name.
AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.
1900 CATALOGUE FREE.
Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., Chicago

CUFFS HELD...

with the Improved Wash-burne Patent Cuff Holders can be placed just where you want them; will never slip but may be instantly released. Drawers Supporters, easily adjusted or taken off—excellent for holding golf trousers. By mail, 20c the pair. 25c Catalogue showing these and other novelties, free.
American King Co., Box P., Waterbury, Conn.

For Home Use

order a trial case of that superior American product,

GREAT WESTERN Champagne

It stands without an equal as a tonic for the convalescent or a refreshing beverage for the well. Recommended by physicians for its purity and healthfulness, and by connoisseurs for its exquisite bouquet. The equal of imported, at much less cost.

Sold universally in best Clubs, Cafes and Hotels. Used in best homes.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by All Respectable Wine Dealers Everywhere.

ED. PINAUD'S VIOLETTE REINE

The Two Leading Perfumes of the Season.

These perfumes are Quintessences. One single drop contains the fragrance of a bouquet of FRESHLY CUT FLOWERS.

Nothing could be more appropriate and refined for a HOLIDAY PRESENT than these exquisite new extracts. Sold everywhere, or full size bottle sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.50. Address

ED. PINAUD'S Importation Office,
46 East 14th St., New York.

and FRENCH CARNATION PINK.

Libby's Plum Pudding

A delicious dessert for HOLIDAY DINNERS

Just as good and pure as the choicest fruits, fine seasoning and our 40 years experience can make it.

Put up in convenient size key opening cans—ready to serve. Ask your grocer.

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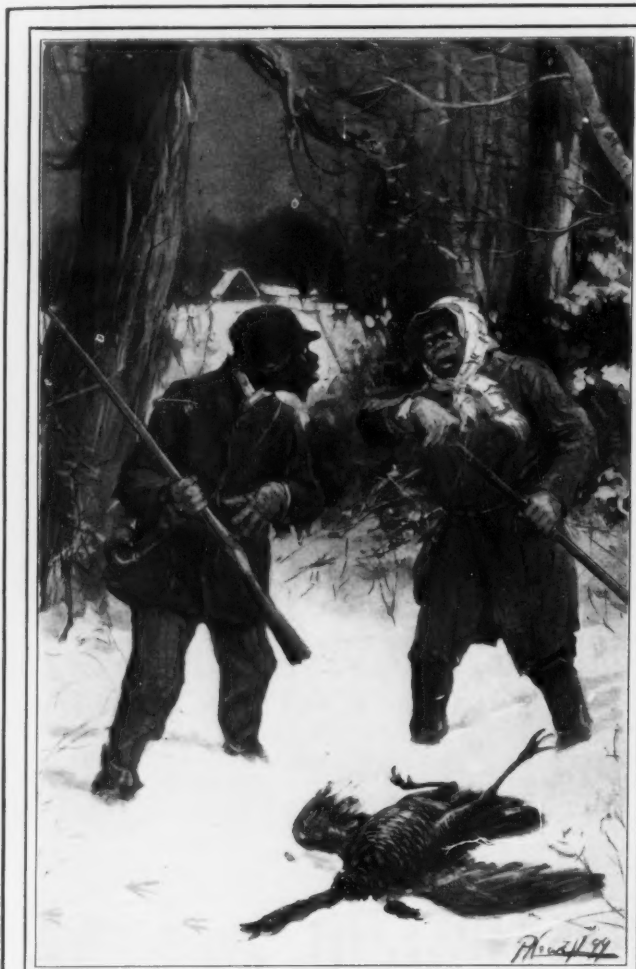
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THE OLD NOVELIST'S MONOLOGUE

SO YOU'VE written a novel, you clever boy, and ask me to read it through? A serious task, at my time of life, when I'm turning seventy-two. But it's complimentary, nevertheless, for a grandson twenty-four To vote his grandfather's views and creeds are a boon instead of a bore. I've written famous novels, you say? Dear Guy, it was long ago! I must read myself up. I've forgotten the names of at least a dozen or so. Do the people take to them kindly still? I recall—the publishers do. That's a bit of a pose, I'm afraid you'll think, for a fellow of seventy-two. But I never posed, and I told my tales no less with head than with heart. And I trusted art for the sake of truth, not art for the sake of art. Let me give you a bit of warning, boy; it's a path full of snares and slips. Before like Roland you reach the tower and set the slug to your lips. Hell's paved, they say, with intentions good; you may take it ill or well. But you'll find before you are forty, Guy, that literature is hell! God help the best of 'em when they seek, though brave howsoever much, To make it (as old Sir Walter said) a staff instead of a crutch! But thanks to your dear dead father's thrift, you can twirl the cane to your taste. You never need drown in the newspaper sea; there's a belt of cork round your waist. I've seen so many who went like that—poor, dauntless, with troops of friends; They burned their candle to quite a blaze, for they burned it at both its ends. And soon they had left but the smoking wicks in lieu of the bridling flame. And even the smoke long ago has gone, though the world once called it fame. But you, dear boy, have the chance and choice; you've the honey without the gall; Euterpe may wait in your anteroom and Pegasus fume in your stall. You can spend a week on the turn of a phrase till its tinkle is deftly placed; You haven't that hair at the nib of your pen, with its harsh little name of haste. You can stare in Minerva's gray-green eyes, and vow, by their dreams beguiled, That you'll ache with a discontent divine till her sculptured lips have smiled. But ah, be cautious, my gifted Guy; there are waves that lurk to overwhelm Even hardier-built boats than yours, when leisure is at the helm. Excalibur meant mere clumsy steel till Pendragon its hilt had reared, And Aladdin, you know, had to rub his lamp before the genie appeared. You ask me for counsel? Gird your loins; disheartenment laugh to scorn; With a sturdy alpenstock clamber up where the mountaineers meet the morn. Don't aspire to scale the loftiest peak; Shakespearean lungs are rare. Still, climb as long as your own can breathe the attenuated air. Of its tonic opal quaff great gulps ere you look on the lands below. The lands will be Life; you must watch them well in their wonderful overflow.

Then choose what you cannot will but choose in their bounty of shades and shines, From the gleams of brooks' far silver threads to the glooms of austere pines; From heavenward hope of a neighbor hill to the storm-cloud's black despair; From arrogance of the splinty crags to the meek sweet moss they wear; From sleepy calms (with their browsing goats) of the emerald vales and glades To pale perpetual suicides of the precipiced cascades. You will find them all, for they all are merged, with their moods of peace or strife, In the deeps and heights, in the lengths and breadths of that Switzerland called Life. Out of Life take phases you love best—only these, if you are wise; Through Inferno Dante walked like a god, but he stumbled in Paradise.



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL

"AN' YO' A DEACON IN DE CHU'CH!"

Yet be most of all your authentic self. Seek truth and beauty and power By a straight road, not by sinuous ones. Disdain the ephemeral hour. From the cavern of memory brush with zeal all the echoes that bat-like cling Till the only echoes its walls fling back from your own voice rise and ring. Academic? Gothic? Who cares which, so long as you shun mere sham? If you long for a Parthenon, try it, lad. If you don't, try a Notre Dame. But whatever conception you may plan, make sure it is crystal-clear. Half a thought, half a brain. Besides, the obscure is mostly the insincere. So, I'll read your novel. My eyes are poor, but I'll read it faithfully through. A serious task, at my time of life, when I'm turning seventy-two. But it's complimentary, nevertheless, for a grandson twenty-four To vote his grandfather's creeds and views are a boon instead of a bore.

LONDON, 1898.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT IN JERSEY

DECEMBER 1, 1899.

POLITICS and news of the world become tiresome in time, so too the not yet completed Exposition. I have been leisurely rambling through Normandy, taking in St. Malo and the Isle of Jersey on the way. Maybe your winter fittings will bring you to the same lazy places.

St. Malo is an old, old seaport. A famous war correspondent, who poses for being well-versed in the things of the past, said to me:

"It was from this very port that, in fifteen hundred and something, Jacques Cartier sailed to discover Newfoundland and pre-empt Canada in the name of Francis I. And these formidable ramparts were built by so and so, and stormed after a bloody battle by the Norman pirates, led by the Iron Prince (or was it the Black Prince), who was killed by an arrow during the struggle." All this information is the famous man's own; he is responsible for any inaccuracy you might detect.

As for me, it sufficed that the ramparts were monstrously heavy and black, that the gates and posterns opened between squat, forbidding towers. I was satisfied that all sorts of heroic deeds had taken place around these dungeons and many dark crimes perpetrated within them. When you have all the local color it needs, you don't want too many dated facts.

The town itself is a maze of narrow, crooked streets with buildings that overhang—buildings with queer gables and mysterious windows. It must have been very picturesque there in the time of those Norman pirates of my war friend. Even now it is not bad, filled as it is with the noisy animation of petty trading, with the colorful confusion of fishermen, soldiers, tourists, nuns and market-women.

From St. Malo, a fussy little steam tub takes you to Jersey in three or four hours when the weather is fine. When the weather is not fine, I imagine, from the looks of the boats, that there is no telling how long the voyage may be.

As for Jersey, it is a well-kept little island. All its country roads seem to be swept clean every morning, the grass of the fields sprinkled, and the hedgerows dusted neatly at the same time. Everything about it is tame, orderly, well-behaved. Prosperous, too, I should say; for you can't discover a single ruinous building or an urchin in rags.

St. Helier is the only town of any size. It is solid, well paved and well lighted, and possesses creditable shops of all kinds. St. Helier is only remarkable because one naturally expects to find it very French, and finds it completely English. The appearance of the houses is English, the tongue, the customs and racial characteristics of the inhabitants are English. It is only among the farming population, especially in the north of the island, that evidence of French blood is discovered, and that they use the French language.

In short, the island is well worth a visit. You get there and away easily, and three days is enough to see it all. For bicycling or coaching there are no better roads anywhere, and if you have neither bicycle nor coach, three or four fifty-cent excursions in the tourist drags, which start from St. Helier every day, will leave very pleasant

memories of reposeful landscape, of shady winding lanes, of affable inn-girls; memories of ignored little coves, where a very blue sea is admitted through great tumblers of rocks, where you will find always on the beach the two or three sailboats and the few natives necessary to complete the young lady's favorite subject for a water color.

I would also recommend the island as the ideal spot to spend a few weeks in nerve-soothing idleness. The place is cheap; nobody is anxious to take advantage of the stranger; and I am quite satisfied that, however fretful your disposition, you could not sojourn long amid all that peace without feeling the tranquil, graceful philosophy of the Jersey cow descend upon you.

This is a good time to return; for when the winds begin to blow chill, and yellow leaves are eddying with the gusts, the home, the permanent, solid place, where you can lay your hand on your little belongings—you know, the book you want; where the cook understands your little manias; where the light of the lamp falls at night on beloved faces around the dinner table, that's the only place to find yourself in the melancholy of this season. There is a popular song of which the refrain whimpers:

"There is no place like home."

It is silly but true. There are hours when the heart wants the home, when all else is bleakness and desolation. "Hoh!" cries D'Artagnan; "what will be will be" (or words to that effect).

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HAS A REAL DOOR, opens wide—hinged to frame. Other Cabinets with so-called doors simply a hole or slit to crawl through. FRAMEWORK strong and rigid, made of best steel, galvanized to prevent its rusting. EIGHT UPRIGHTS support it from top to bottom. Some affairs on the shoulders—others have 2 or 3 flimsy supports, shaky and unsatisfactory. DURABLE COVERING MATERIAL, very best, antiseptic cloth—RUBBER LINED. TOP CURTAINS open on top for cooling off—Cabinets that do not do this are said to be dangerous. LARGE and ROOMY INSIDE. Knees, arms and body do not touch the sides. Plenty of room for hot foot bath, and to sponge, towel and cool the body while inside. FOLDS FLAT like a screen in 1 inch space—others crush together and damage the goods. WEIGHTS complete only 10 lb. Easily carried.

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Before retiring, light stove, step in Cabinet, close and lock door, sit down and you enjoy a temperature of 100° to 150° F. according to how you regulate stove. All done in one minute. Stay in 15 to 30 minutes—open top curtains, cool off gradually while you sponge and towel the body. Impossible to catch cold or weaken the system. Perfectly safe and harmless.

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By imitations. We do not make it our business to find fault with other people's goods, but as there are a number of unreliable, irresponsible concerns who have sprung up in the past few months, know nothing whatever of the laws of hygiene, and have no regard for the public health, are trying to market so-called Cabinets which are inconvenient, unreliable and dangerous to use, on the strength of satisfaction given, and the enormous demand created for our genuine Quaker, and as we have many letters from persons who have bought such goods, are unable to use them, and obliged to throw them away and secure a genuine Cabinet from us, we feel it our duty to warn the public so that no one else may be imposed upon.

If our Cabinet is not the best in every way we do not want you to keep it.

Don't use a Cabinet which has no door, no frame, no rubber lining.

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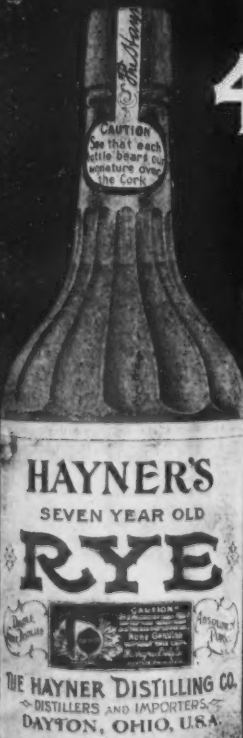
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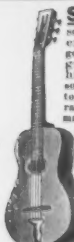
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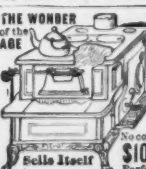
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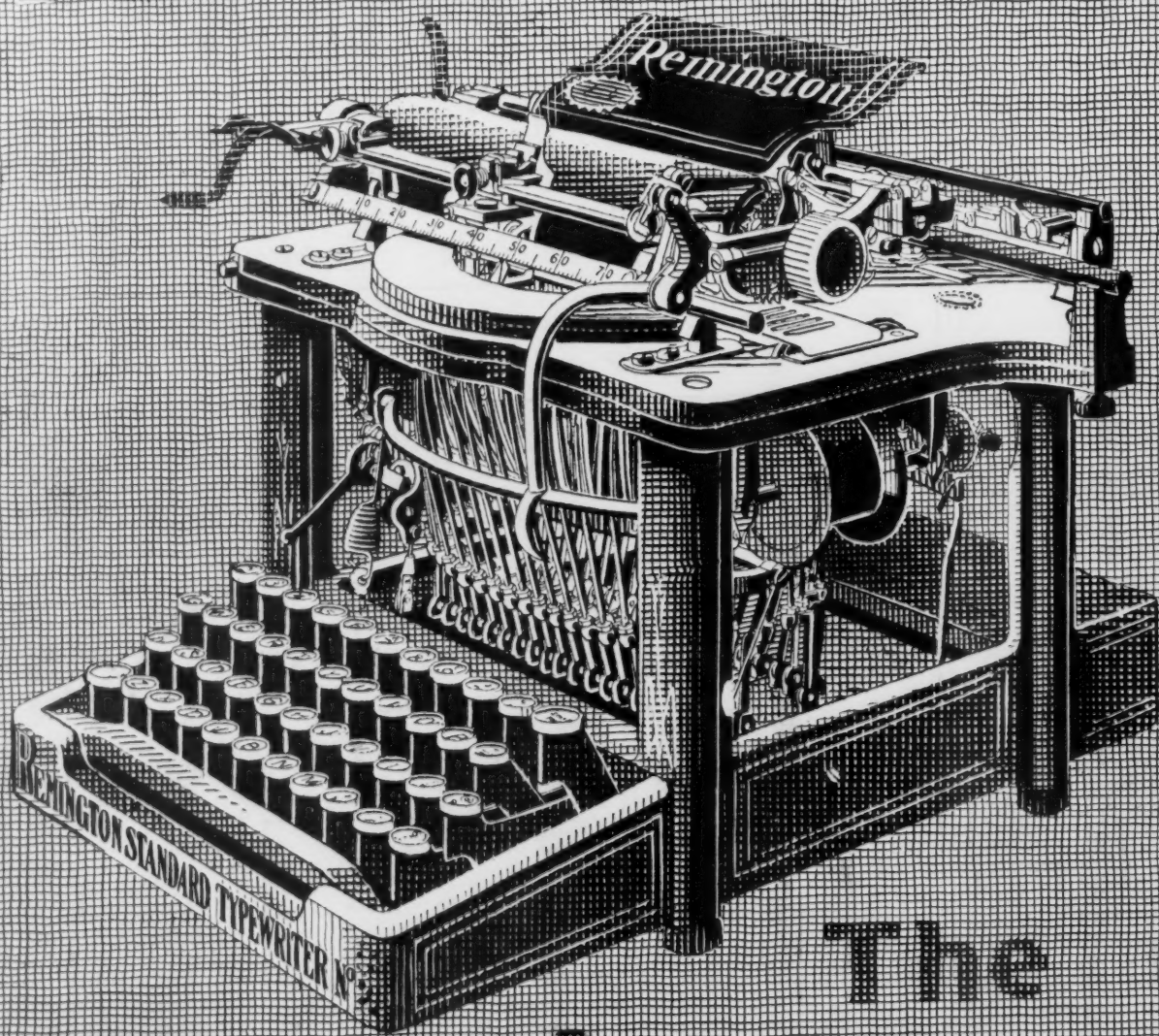
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